THE FORUM
FOR AUGUST 1915

THE STATE V. THE MAN IN AMERICA

TRUXTUN BEALE

THE series of essays entitled *The Man versus The State* was written by Herbert Spencer to warn the English people against the blight of officialism. In them he explains in the most masterly manner the mischiefs of over-legislation and over-administration. In America we have had so many bad effects from the same cause, so many illustrations of the evil consequences of the increasing Government control both in State and Nation, that it seems especially useful at this time to republish the essays with comments by eminent living Americans, giving American illustrations of the dangers arising from the increasing officialism in this country.

One can hardly now take up a newspaper without reading of some legislative measure, either State or Federal, which narrows the area of personal freedom and increases that of official control. A historian once observed that all the reforms in Europe were made not by making new laws, but by repealing a large number of the old. Such must be the task of those in America who attempt to reform the work of the present reformers. For many years past we have had no conservative party in the United States, no party to be a brake upon the accelerating speed with which we are taking people from the producing class to make of them parasitic officials. So obsessed are we with the idea of the efficacy of law-made remedies that a California legislature was gravely congratulated upon the number of laws that it had passed, the "collective wisdom" having turned off the appalling total of 4000 in one short session —a record in the construction of wire entanglements. The three existing parties vie with one another in advocating State

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agency or State control. Unmindful of Burke's observation that "all innovation is not progress," we have departed from our old conservative traditions. It is to demonstrate the necessity of a return to conservatism, the necessity, as M. Ouizot puts it, of "progress with resistance," that this series of essays will be republished, with their applicability to the present state of affairs in America explained by eminent American commentators.

It would be unfair to stigmatize such a body of men as reactionaries. Many of the names in the following list are associated with great and beneficial reforms. Probably none of them believes that institutional progress has yet ceased. On the other hand, probably very few of them entirely agree with Herbert Spencer in the extreme position he takes against Government control. There are many positions to be taken between what Huxley calls Spencer's "Administrative Nihilism" and German regimentation. Many agree with John Stuart Mill and accept a *laissez faire* as a principle, though liable to many exceptions; but they all warn against the danger of any increase of the official class.

Both the essays and the commentators will demonstrate that officialism is slow, that it is expensive, that it is unadaptive, that it is unprogressive, that it has a tendency to tyrannize and a tendency to become corrupt; that it is as hard to shake off as the old man of the sea, when once there is created a large official class. They will demonstrate that business enterprise as well as personal liberty is in danger of being lost in the labyrinthine mazes of officialdom. They will demonstrate the impoverishing effect of taking people from the producing class to form an army of officials to be supported out of the fruits of labor. They will demonstrate that a régime of officialism means vast expenditures for obtaining small ends. They will point out the childish impatience of the American people with slow and natural remedies—the only sound ones—and will show that quick remedies are almost always quack remedies. They will demonstrate that under a régime of excessive officialism the State instead of being a protector of rights becomes an aggressor upon rights. They will demonstrate that the habit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of leaning upon officials destroys national character and weakens the old American trait of self-reliance. They will attack the apparently inexhaustible faith in law-made remedies and show that the belief in the sovereign power of political machinery is a gross delusion. They will demonstrate that increasing officialism is paving the way for socialism, checking progress and the evolution to a higher state and tending to crystallize social structure upon a lower plane. Finally, the suggested substitute for officialism—quick and costless justice in the courts—will be discussed by Mr. Taft. As a man of business, consciously seeking only a self-regarding end, unconsciously does a public good, so he who seeks justice in a court of law for a self-regarding end alone, unconsciously confers upon the State the public benefit of maintaining the laws in a much more efficient way than can be accomplished by a mass of idle and indifferent officials appointed to prevent infractions of the law. The essays will be published in the September and subsequent numbers of THE FORUM, and will begin with *The New Toryism,* with comments by Senator Root.

Among the other contributors will be Senator Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Judge Gary, and Augustus D. Gardner, in addition to William Howard Taft, who has already been mentioned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN MEXICO

LUIS CABRERA

The Laws of the Reform

THE question of the Church in Mexico has not been well understood in the United States, because the conditions of the Mexican Catholic Church differ vastly from those of the Catholic Church in the United States.

In Mexico, ninety-nine per cent. of the population profess the Roman Catholic faith, and, therefore, the influence of the Catholic clergy in religious matters has no counterbalance of any sort.

In the United States there are other Churches which counterbalance the influence of the Catholic Church. On the other hand, the Catholic Church in the United States does not hold unlimited sway over society, nor can it attain uncontrollable political power; the very education of the American people has prevented Rome from exercising so far the influence which it exercises in other countries.

Before the war of the Reform (1856 to 1859), the Catholic Church was the strongest temporal power existing in Mexico, and the laws of the Reform enacted during that period all tended to deprive the Church of its power and bring about the absolute independence of Church and State.

The laws of the Reform are a collection of rules passed previous to 1860, with the aim of depriving the Catholic Church of its temporal power; and these rules have remained effective, because the conditions which then demanded their enactment still prevail and still make it necessary that the laws should remain in force.

The aim of the Revolution of Ayutla, from 1856 to 1859, was to deprive the Church of economic power and of its social influence, and it had to place the Church in a condition which, apparently, is disadvantageous and unjust, but which in reality was and continues to be the only possible manner of reducing the Catholic clergy to impotence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The principal laws enacted previous to 1860, for governing the Church and stripping it of the temporal power which it enjoyed, are the following:

(a) Separation of the Church and State.
(b) Incapacity of the Church to possess landed property.
(c) Abolition of convents.

These laws, which are called laws of the Reform, were established in Mexico after a revolution which may be considered the most bloody that Mexico has ever witnessed—a revolution which affected the country more deeply than even the present revolution is doing. The clergy defended themselves desperately against the laws which stripped them of power, and on finding themselves defeated, they resorted in 1860 to the intervention of foreign Powers (Spain, France and England), which attempted to intervene with the pretext of the fulfilment of the financial obligations of the Juarez Government.

The treason of the Clerical party had as a result French intervention only, but the laws of the Reform enacted against the clergy were of such importance and so necessary, that the Emperor Maximilian himself did not dare to undo what had been done in the time of Juarez.

The French troops being withdrawn and the Constitutionalist Government of Mexico reëstablished, the laws of the Reform were not only maintained, but in 1874 they were incorporated in the political Constitution.

At the present time, there are precepts contained in the Mexican Constitution which correspond to those laws of the Reform, and according to that Constitution, all the laws and all the authorities of the country must enforce the fulfilment of those laws.

It becomes necessary at this moment to distinguish between the real aims of the Constitutionalist Government regarding the religious question, and that part of the actual happenings which is merely a deplorable consequence of the attitude assumed by the Catholic clergy since 1910 against the revolutionary movement.

The aim of the Constitutionalist Government, with regard to the Mexican Catholic Church, is to enforce the strict observance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the laws known as laws of the Reform, which up to the present time have been disregarded. The Constitutionalist Government demands the fulfilment of these laws, because they form an integral part of the Mexican Constitution. These laws must be maintained because the causes which demanded their enactment are still prevalent in the country.

A brief analysis of the principal laws of the Reform will further clear up the matter.

The Separation of the Church and State

According to the Mexican Constitution, there must be absolute separation between the Church and State. This signifies that the Church is to lack all temporal power and that, as an organized institution, it is not to participate in the political affairs of the country.

It has never been intended to deny Mexican Catholics either the exercise of their religion, or their right to take part in the political affairs of Mexico. We Constitutionalists are Catholics; the Villistas are Catholics; the Zapatistas are Catholics. Ninety-nine per cent. of the Mexican population is Catholic, and, therefore, the Constitutionalist party could not in the present struggle attempt to deprive the Catholics, who form the totality of the Mexican people, of their right to profess their religion, or of their right to take part in political questions.

The Catholic clergy and the Church in general abstained for a long time from interference in the political problems of Mexico. During the time of General Diaz, the Catholic clergy made no attempt to organize themselves for political campaigns, but appeared to maintain themselves in strict obedience to the law, in the belief, perhaps, that they could avail themselves of other indirect proceedings for exercising their influence in the political affairs of the country.

On the retirement of General Diaz from the Government, and on Francisco de la Barra's accession to the Presidency, the Catholic clergy of Mexico believed the moment had arrived to organize themselves for the political struggle, and to that effect a political group was formed, under the patronage of the Catho-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lic clergy, made up chiefly of big land-owners. This group took the name of "Catholic Party," with the deliberate intention of taking advantage of the religious sentiments of the population to induce it to vote in conformity with their directions. The Catholic clergy started to make propaganda in favor of the Catholic party, first in a discreet manner, bringing moral pressure to bear upon the ignorant masses, who were unable to discern clearly where their duties as Catholics ceased, and where began their rights as citizens.

The Catholic party is, in a nutshell, *the political organization of the Catholic Church of Mexico.* This single fact constitutes a peril for democratic institutions, and was naturally bound to be looked upon with great disfavor by the anti-reëlectionist party, first, and later by the Constitutionalist party.

At the time that de la Barra was President, the Catholic party attempted to rob the Revolution of the fruits of its triumph, designating de la Barra as its candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. The considerable prestige which Madero enjoyed at that time frustrated this attempt of the Catholic party, which had to limit its pretensions to the Vice-Presidency of the Republic, resigning itself to have as President, Madero, a man sprung from the Revolution; and as Vice-President, de la Barra, a man perfectly well known as being of the ancient régime and the principal leader of the Catholic party.

In the elections of October, 1911, the formula of the progressive Constitutionalist party triumphed over the Madero-de la Barra formula, which was that of the party of the principal enemies of the Catholic Government; but from that moment that of the enemies of the Government of Francisco I. Madero.

In the elections for deputies and senators of 1912, the Catholic party succeeded in obtaining a considerable number of deputies, amounting to almost thirty per cent. of the Lower House; whilst the Senate, which was almost completely made up of Porfirista elements, was only renewed by half and scarcely obtained eight or ten senators as followers of the new régime.

The Catholic clergy of Mexico, directly and through the intermission of the Catholic party, were one of the principal factors in the downfall of Madero, and although perhaps

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Huerta was not the candidate designated to replace him, the fact is that the Clerical chief, de la Barra, formed part of the Cabinet which resolved upon the murder of Madero and Pino Suarez.

Subsequently, the party obtained important posts for its principal leaders in the Government of Huerta, and finally supported the candidacy of Federico Gamboa.

It is unnecessary to enter into details regarding the decided assistance lent socially by the clergy, and the political support given by the Catholic party, to Huerta, with both their men and money. But the principal assistance given by the Catholic clergy to the Government of Huerta was contained in the efforts made by their principal dignitaries and the other members of the high clergy to create an opinion, if not favorable to Huerta, at least very unfavorable to the Constitutionalists.

This end was accomplished, not through the individual means that any citizen is at liberty to place at the disposal of a political party, but by taking advantage of the religious influence exercised by the Catholic clergy over the faithful, from the pulpit and in the confessional.

During the war against Huerta, one of the things which most greatly surprised the Constitutionalists was the extremely hostile and unjust opinion encountered by them in each of the towns which they came to occupy. It was in the nature of a paradox.

The strongest armed resistance that the Constitutionalist party encountered in the cities, in the form of social defence, was not an opposition caused by the sympathy which the residents of the cities might have experienced in favor of Huerta, but it originated in the antipathy which had been created against the Constitutionalist forces, whom the Catholic clergy on all occasions represented as bandits who were intent on seizing the towns solely for purposes of plunder, theft, violation of women, and murder. This opinion had its source in sermons, in the confessionals, and in an extensive correspondence, proofs of which have been secured.

The work done by the clergy in creating an opinion antagonistic to the Constitutionalist troops explains, if it cannot justify,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many of the acts of aggression, and even attempts of Constitutionalist soldiers against members of the Catholic clergy.

Since the triumph of the Revolution, there has been on the part of the Constitutionalist Government no other aim with regard to the clergy than that of restricting them within the limits of their faculties and of their spiritual mission, that of making effective the separation of the Church and the State, and of keeping the clergy from taking any participation, as a religious institution, in our political questions. But a political struggle having developed, it is natural that the military groups should experience strong displeasure, especially on laboring under the effects of the clerical propaganda against the Revolution, and that, instead of limiting themselves to restrain the clergy within due bounds, they should overstep this limitation and even, on some occasions, attempt to interfere in matters of a purely religious character. The restriction of religious services in some places and the destruction of confessionals are instances of this. The destruction of confessionals has been the most ostensible manifestation of the ill will with which the revolutionary troops have regarded the use that the Catholic clergy have made of the sacrament of confession as a weapon of political strife.

If the Catholic clergy had maintained themselves within their religious attributes, without interfering in the struggle, and, what is more, if they had not put in action the advantages which they derive from their capacity of intellectual directors of the masses, the counter-effects on the part of the Revolutionary troops would not have occurred.

It is unnecessary to repeat that the Constitutionalist Government itself has never pretended to interfere in religious matters, or to restrain in any manner the religious liberty of the Mexican people. The Constitutionalist Government does not propose to establish laws which affect religion, nor does it in any way propose to restrict religious practices.

The course of action followed by the Constitutionalist Government justifies this statement, since, owing to the influence of the First Chief of the Revolution, Venustiano Carranza, the military acts which were considered restrictive of religious liberty have been diminishing in number and in gravity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Properties of the Church

The Mexican Constitution and the laws of the Reform determine that neither the Catholic Church nor any other religious corporation, regardless of character, denomination, duration or object, can own landed property.

The reason for this ordinance is that the Catholic clergy constituted, previous to 1856, the strongest economic power existing in the country.

In 1856, an attempt was made to disentail the properties of the clergy, that is, to destroy the mortmain, compelling the clergy to alienate their landed property. This was the tendency of the laws of disentailment.

The clergy vigorously resisted this law, believing that their economic power was thus considerably reduced, and with this motive started the struggle called the War of the Reform or Three Years' War.

The laws of 1856 did not expropriate the clergy, but in view of the latters' completely rebellious attitude, in 1859 Benito Juarez issued in Vera Cruz a law called "Nationalization of the Lands of the Clergy," by which was expropriated all the landed property of the Catholic clergy who had resisted and struggled against the disentailment of these lands.

In virtue of this law, the temples became national property, the titles of ownership remaining in the hands of the State, but the usufruct of the same being reserved to the Catholic Church. As to the clergy's landed property and real estate investments, these were turned over to the nation and awarded to individuals.

The vital point of the laws of the Reform regarding the Catholic clergy lies in the declaration of civil incapacity of religious corporations to own lands. This measure, though it may appear extreme, was absolutely necessary in 1859, in order to deprive the clergy of their temporal power. The measure still continues to be absolutely indispensable, because if religious corporations were at this moment permitted to acquire landed property, a considerable mortmain would immediately be created, from which a great amount of power would again be derived

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the Catholic Church, who would thus recover their temporal power, which all countries have admitted should not be tolerated. Moreover, it can be said that the reason for which the Catholic Church of Mexico has taken, as a Church, participation in the political struggle, and attempts to recover its influence and its temporal power, is that for several years past it has been successfully evading the law in so far as regards the possession of lands.

According to the Mexican law, the Catholic Church is incapacitated from acquiring lands, by which is understood not only landed property, but also capital invested in real estate.

The Mexican law also prohibits the feoffments which might cause the property to appear in the hands of an individual, when it really belongs to the Church, or is used exclusively for the benefit of the Church.

Feoffments from bishop to bishop are not permitted in Mexico, and the estates owned by members of the clergy are considered as their personal property, to be freely transmitted to the voluntary or legal inheritors of the owners.

The estates of a bishop in Mexico, when not acquired through agreement or bequest, are to be transmitted to his legal inheritors.

For a long time past, Mexican bishops, rectors and even a number of laymen have been owning lands which apparently are their personal property, but the products of which in reality are destined to be turned over to the Church. These lands effectually constitute a mortmain, because their owners, before dying, have to bequeath them to the persons previously designated by the Church, whether to the succeeding bishop or to any other person especially designated to that effect.

That is how the Church has, against the law, been acquiring a large amount of landed property having the appearance of private property.

But, in practice, the lands personally owned could not always be taken over without difficulties by the new trustee designated by the Church, and experience showed that from time to time properties were lost to the Church which were claimed by the legal inheritors of the owner apparent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These losses emphasized the advisability of finding other means to tie up the property to the Church, without ostensibly violating the laws of the Reform. In some places stock companies have been organized, without any determined mercantile end, but solely for the purpose of managing the estates which might be entrusted to these companies. The capital of the companies was made up of contributions by the members of the clergy or by individuals; the shares of the company, and therefore, its management, being retained by the bishops. Notable instances of this can be had in the bishoprics of Durango, Puebla, and several other parts of the country.

Briefly, it can be said that the Catholic Church, transgressing the law which prohibits it from acquiring landed property, has found means of necessary, just and legal appearance for possessing lands, which have served it to recover little by little its political influence.

The confiscation of the lands illegally possessed by the Catholic Church of Mexico is a necessary, just and legal confiscation, and in that sense, all the confiscations of lands pertaining to the Church are legitimate, for which reason the Constitutionalist Government is in the right in continuing the same policy, not only confiscating the properties which are openly in the ownership of the clergy, but also investigating those properties which apparently belong to individuals, but which, through the history of their former owners and through the form of their administration, can be clearly distinguished as properties of the Church.

As regards the temples, since the passing of the laws of the Reform, the ownership has been retained to the State, their use being reserved to the Catholic Church. In fact, the Catholic Church has for many years used the temples without restriction of any kind and without paying rents, pensions or contributions of any sort.

The limiting of the number of temples which are needed in each place for religious services would have to be left to the judgment of the Church, but as the Catholic clergy of Mexico exercise absolute control in religious matters, without intervention of any kind by the community, that is, by the parishioners,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the administration of the estates or in the management of the temporal interests of the parishes, or still less in the organization of the religious services, there is nothing to serve as a basis for determining the number of temples required by a certain parish or a certain city.

It is, therefore, with the State alone that the Church can come to an understanding regarding the number of temples to be reserved for the service, and the Government, as administrator of the nation's property, has the unquestionable right to dispose of the temples, when required for uses which, in its estimation, are of higher importance than the religious service, and above all, when, because of the abundance of temples in a single city, the number of those available for religious services is considered excessive.

Up to the present time, the Government has not made use of this right.

Immediately after the passing of the laws of the Reform, and principally since 1867, the Juarez Government took over some of the many temples in existence, for the purpose of turning them to public uses, so that in the principal cities of the country it may be seen that the libraries, universities, hospitals, and many other charitable institutions occupy buildings which originally were temples. Since 1876, the Catholic Church has enjoyed unmolested the possession of a great number of temples, and the Government up to the present had not tried to make use of its right to consolidate the property of some of them, nor had there been any occasion to discuss the number of temples necessary for religious services.

The truth of the matter is that in some cities of Mexico the number of temples open to public service is considerably excessive, in proportion to the religious needs. A population of 10,000 inhabitants has enough with one or two temples open for worship; however, there are towns, such as the City of Cholula, in which the number of churches is so great in proportion to the population that a source of real curiosity is found by tourists in the vast number of temples, all of which are open for service, all affording occupation to priests, and, therefore, signifying a strong contribution on the part of the faithful.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puebla is a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and it is curious to note that, until the time of its occupation by the Constitutionalist Army, it had nearly 200 temples open to the public.

Merida is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and it has enough with twelve temples, that is, one for each 5,000 souls.

The city of Vera Cruz has a normal population of 50,000 inhabitants, and three churches have always sufficed for religious services.

Up to the present time, the number of temples destined for public service in each place has been unlimited. The Government, notwithstanding its unquestionable right to dispose of the buildings and to determine which are those that should be reserved for religious services and which can be destined for other purposes, had not limited the number of temples which the Catholic Church controlled.

Lately, however, the attitude assumed by the clergy against the Constitutionalist Revolution brought about the closing of certain temples to religious service by a number of military chiefs and State Governors, on their capturing the towns.

This could be regarded as an act of hostility, or as a sort of reprisal against the Catholic clergy, but in reality, and even supposing that such were the case, the closing of some of the temples, which never reached the extent of the total closing up of all the churches in a town, does not constitute an illegal act and is not censurable except in so far as regards the occasion on which it occurred, which, on the other hand, was elicited by the attitude of the clergy themselves.

In substance: as regards goods and chattels, the Catholic Church has full capacity to acquire and handle property. But in so far as landed property is concerned, the Mexican Constitution forbids the Catholic Church to own real estate or capital invested in the same, and the only right granted the Church by the laws is to maintain the temples immediately or directly destined to religious service.

Concerning the temples open for worship, which are the property of the State, their number is considerably greater than is required to fill the demand, and the Government is not occasioning a damage, but simply exercising a right, when it con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solidates the property of those temples which it is not essential should remain in the power of the Church.

Convents

The laws of the Reform established the abolition of all convents and of all religious associations of monastic life. The monastic orders existing in Mexico, not only those of a merely contemplative character, but also those of an educational and charitable nature, were abolished in virtue of these laws.

In 1874 they even went so far as to abolish the charity institutions known as "Sisters of Charity," and the other regular orders, especially those of the Jesuits, were then expelled.

The abolition of the monastic orders in Mexico was a measure clearly taken in defence of human liberty, which was found to be threatened by them.

This was especially so in regard to women, whose education was still very deficient, so that they were not in a condition to defend their liberty when the tremendous moral pressure of parents and relatives was brought to bear upon them in order to force them to enter a convent.

The Mexican woman, particularly the one who possessed riches in her own right, was always exposed to the danger of seeing her liberty restricted by her entrance into a convent, where it became impossible to prove that her permanence there was not absolutely voluntary.

The Mexican woman has not, like the American woman, an education which enables her personally to look after her own liberty, and before the passing of the laws of the Reform, experience taught that the existence of convents was a constant threat to feminine liberty.

Even subsequently to the passing of these laws, rich heiresses have always been the object of suggestions inducing them to take the religious vow in a foreign country.

The laws of the Reform completely abolish the monastic orders, and within the principle established by them, all religious congregations of a monastic character must be dismembered.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the time of General Diaz, however, a policy of toleration was initiated in favor of religious orders, first in regard to charity institutions, later in regard to educational orders, finally winding up by assuming the same tolerant attitude toward the contemplative orders, which, although illegal in their existence, were not effectually proceeded against by the judicial authorities.

The conditions prevailing in Italy after 1870; those which have been prevalent for a long time in Spain, since the considerable excess of monastic orders made necessary the positive deportation of persons bound by monastic vows; and the conditions recently created in France for monastic orders, especially for those of an educational character, since 1906:—all this has led a great number of foreign nuns and monks to take refuge in Mexico and settle there with the character of monastic orders.

The existence of these orders was tolerated in the time of General Diaz. Many of them constituted an open violation of the law; others, chiefly the French educational orders, tried to conform themselves to the laws of public instruction and acquired greater freedom of action in their work.

On the fall of General Huerta and the inauguration of the Constitutionalist Government in the principal cities of the Republic, several monastic orders were abolished, and as the members of these were mostly foreigners, the majority voluntarily expatriated themselves.

It is not true that the nuns were made victims of such offences as have been attributed to the members of the Constitutionalist army. The only occurrence has been the dispersion of several religious groups, whose members have withdrawn to foreign countries.

Résumé

The religious question in Mexico can be summarized as follows:

1. The aims of the Constitutionalist Government regarding the Catholic Church are not such as might be inferred from the isolated acts which, as a consequence of the war, and above all, of the intervention of the clergy in our political contentions, the Catholic Church has on several occasions had to undergo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. The conditions of the Catholic Church in Mexico are totally different from the conditions of the same Church in the United States.

3. The laws of the Reform establish a determined condition for the Catholic Church in Mexico, which is totally different from the condition which it has according to the laws of the United States.

4. The said laws of the Reform correspond to a situation which is peculiar to Latin America, and the laws in question are absolutely indispensable in order to deprive the Catholic Church of the temporal power which it had before the War of the Reform.

5. These laws must subsist at the present time, because the social conditions which made them requisite are still prevalent.

6. During recent years the Catholic Church in Mexico was entirely lawless, transgressing the regulations of the Mexican Constitution and of the laws of the Reform.

7. The intervention of the clergy in political matters, the possession of landed property on the part of the clergy, and the existence of convents, are acts wholly illegal and violative of the Constitution.

Briefly, whatever abuses or excesses which, without the knowledge and without the consent of the Government, may have been committed, are far from having the importance which is attributed to them, and are nothing more than a consequence of the conditions in which the same Catholic Church placed itself on taking an active part in the struggle against the Constitutionalist Revolution.

The Constitutionalist Government has tried and continues trying to reduce to a minimum the possible reprisals against the Church. The Constitutionalist Government intends, at the same time, to maintain the absolute separation of the Church and State, and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that it enforces all the measures which tend to deprive the Catholic clergy of the temporal power which it is attempting to recover; and that it declares, if necessary, the incapacity of the religious corporations to organize political groups; and that it proceeds to confiscate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those properties which are illegally in the hands of the Church, or of which, even when owned by individuals, the usufruct can be proved to be reserved to the Church.

The Constitutionalist Government finally proposes to make effective the abolition of the monastic orders existing in Mexico, and, above all, of those of a merely contemplative character.

To sum up, the Constitutionalist Government proposes to give full guarantees in religious matters to the exercise of any cult, but strictly enforces the observance of the laws of the Reform and of the Mexican Constitution.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNITED STATES AND WAR

CHARLES VALE

THE United States of America, as a country with a national history, distinct national characteristics, and, perhaps, a memorable national destiny, is dimly understood by the majority of her own people and gravely misunderstood by the majority of all other people in all other countries. Her greatest handicap, from the mere point of view of international comprehension, has been her former connection with the British Empire, and the habit which her people have retained of speaking the English language, with local and sometimes unpleasant variations. In England, especially, this former connection and approximate similarity of speech have induced long-continued illusions. The United States has been regarded generally, in spite of any and all temporary disputes, as a somewhat wayward Canada or Australia: a child able, and entitled, to assert its independence politically; but neither able nor entitled to sever itself completely from racial traditions, from common heritages of literature and language, of political, ethical and economic ideas. The consequence is that a fundamental mistake has been made, and from that mistake other errors have naturally followed.

The mistake can be clearly stated and it is essential that it should be thus clearly stated. The United States, in spite of original ties and associations, is no longer a daughter of Great Britain. She does not even resemble a daughter-in-law. In thought, conduct and policy, she is as foreign, from the English point of view, as France, Germany, Russia or Sweden. And she is not merely foreign in this sense; she has also long been conscious of a special feeling toward England, entirely different from her feelings with regard to other European countries. The original War of Independence and the subsequent disputes, acute or modified, have loomed so largely in the national history and have been given such emphasis in the schools, that generation after generation of the masses has grown up with the belief that few good things could come out of England, while much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that was sinister or maladroit could confidently be expected. The successive influxes of Irish and Germans naturally did not tend to weaken this sentiment. In its own way, the assumed bond of a common language, which should have made comprehension easier, in reality has done much to further misunderstandings. It has made possible the prompt recognition of the pin-pricks in which the foolish pride themselves; it has facilitated recrimination and resentment. The mere detail of different accent and intonation has not been trivial in its results; and where a Frenchman, a German or an Italian could speak his own language or his version of the English language without the slightest criticism or ill-feeling, the Englishman's broad *a* and distinctive utterance would often provoke curiosity or even ridicule and annoyance. This may seem a very minor factor in the relations of nations: in reality, it has been of distinct importance.

Of course, the similarity of language, the use of practically the same vocabulary, gave the literature of Great Britain a position in the United States that could not be approached by the literature of the Continent. For a long time, English prestige seemed unassailable. But even in this field, dislike of English criticism and English domination increased as the desire for a distinctively national literature gained strength and definiteness. That desire has found vent in much that is inchoate, formless, futile; but also in much that is peculiarly and forcefully American, rich in achievement and richer in its promise for the future.

It cannot be assumed, then, that the general attitude of the United States toward the European belligerents has been based upon any special previous affection for Great Britain. Even the traditional friendship with France has had no influence. The whole case has been judged upon its merits, so far as they could be ascertained beyond cavilling; and if the Allies have gained the moral support of the majority of the people, it is because the principles for which they are fighting, and the results which their victory would bring, appeal to the American temperament as just and desirable. Not through bias, but through reflection and judgment, the balance of sympathy has gone to one side rather than to the other.

While the country was exploiting its material resources, not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always wisely or well; while it was expanding territorially and trying out hazardous experiments, economic, social and political, the spiritual development of the nation did not obtrude itself. In the eyes of Europe, we became a crude, assertive, uncouth people; imperfectly blended, imperfectly organized; without the restraint of tradition or the clear guidance of an accepted destiny. The degradation of local and State politics, the somewhat strident note of commercialism, the apparent rawness of national conceptions and national conduct, were attributed largely to the all-pervading influence of the melting pot, though also, in some degree, to the decadence of the descendants of the original colonists.

The degradation of local and State politics is still painfully obvious in far too many instances; conduct and manners have not altogether lost their apparent rawness; the melting pot has not completed its work of fusion, and time has not completed its task of moulding and burnishing. Yet much has been done that has not been clearly realized by ourselves or by other nations. Steadily, and in recent years with increasing force and effectiveness, the vague American ideals, once loosely linked with an ill-understood freedom and a lonely but raucous New World eagle, have taken definite form and coherence. To-day, the United States, with all her faults of omission and commission, has a national ideal, a national conscience and a national policy that cannot fail to affect the whole world profoundly.

Now, and for all time, the country desires no aggrandizement at the expense of others. No new territory is wanted; none will be taken unless its inhabitants freely and sincerely petition for inclusion in the great Commonwealth. There is no nation in the world with which we wish to quarrel, as there is no nation in the world we would willingly allow to violate or ignore our just rights. For those rights are measured, not in terms of merely national and selfish interest, but in terms of humanity itself. If, under her present leadership, the United States should be compelled, in spite of all reluctance, to fight for any of those rights, she will be fighting, not only for herself, but indisputably for civilization.

This definite recognition of the claims of humanity, this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

definite renunciation of selfish and narrow aims, cannot be regarded as a little thing in the comity (at present so pitiably confused) of nations. Splendid things have been done by different countries at different times; but if the United States can pursue a declared and consistent policy based essentially upon the Golden Rule, without ulterior and secret aims, without secret diplomacy, without secret reservations, she will set a memorable example for other countries to imitate, but not to ridicule. It is better to be patient to the limit of endurance, though fools may scoff, than to rush hastily into ruinous strife that might have been averted without loss of honor or the abandonment of just principles.

It is obvious that if the world is to be saved from the recurrence of devastating and damnable wars, Governments must be prepared to abandon utterly the discredited methods of the past. Those methods have been breeders of dissension, war, pestilence, grinding taxation. Is it not time that the few sensible statesmen who can still be found should come together, and devise new methods to meet new conditions? As obsolete ships and obsolete arms are discarded, so should obsolete and worthless principles of politics and conduct be abandoned. The world has come to the parting of the ways: the severance may well be made as distinct as possible, and the choice of freedom as opposed to servitude be accepted consciously, deliberately, resolutely.

It would seem to be the destiny of the United States to take the decisive steps and prove the value and feasibility of the change, emphasizing the perils and utter stupidity of not changing. To the spirit of the New World she must add the spirit of the New Age, which has been sensed and gladly accepted by so many of her people. Merchants no longer conduct their business after the fashion of the Middle Ages. Nations should no longer control their affairs on similar anachronistic principles.

Misunderstanding is at first almost inevitable: bullies and jingoists cannot appreciate any creed or any practice except their own, proved a thousand times and a thousandfold to be pernicious. They will repeat their vacuous sneers and gibes, directed against any individual or any nation with enough intelligence to estimate correctly the cant of the day, and the lies and cowardice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the militarists. For there is no courage in sending millions of men, who have or should have no quarrel whatever with each other, to mutilation, blindness, death. Sooner or later, wars end: their products, the blind, the maimed, the insane, linger on. When the pawns have done their work, the jugglers of words, the diplomatists trained in evasion instead of truth, will begin their task of redrawing maps with delicate precision. All this, the jingoists assert, is virile, inspiring, and, of course, inevitable. It is only inevitable while the world is ruled by fools and shams, while the figureheads of nations wear gaudy and absurd trappings, and the people, without volition or common sense, are massed into murder-machines.

The expenditure, officially announced, of the British Government alone for twelve months of war will be not less than $5,000,000,000. The total cost for all the countries for the whole duration of the war may be imagined from that one staggering statement. Are the people of the world willing to endure indefinitely such colossal, incredible folly? It is merely part of the price of militarism—that is, of the organized preparation for murder which has made Europe an excellent substitute for hell. But we are told by our experts that militarism prevents war: the armed nation is secure. What, then, is happening in Europe? A picnic?

The security that militarism can offer is not worth five cents: the security of the will-to-fairness of all rational people in all civilized countries can be made absolute. While that will is being focussed and rendered effective, adequate measures for self-protection may be necessary. But such preparation will not prevent war, though it may mitigate some of the consequences of war. A whole world armed to the teeth, with every available man and every available dollar consecrated to militarism, will not rest long in peace. One nation may not strike at another that appears equal in strength: but combinations of nations will be pitted against other combinations, as at present.

The militarist idea has to be rooted out. There is no other way of avoiding intolerable crime and injustice. That rooting out can only be done by the continued education of the people and by the carrying into practice by a great nation of the elemen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary principles of fair play under all conditions, so that other nations may realize the advantages of mutual courtesy and the blatancy of the mailed fist. No State has a shadow of right to initiate a war which involves the slaughter of women and children, or to adopt methods leading to the destruction of non-combatants. The question naturally arises as to what constitutes the actual initiative. The answer is clear: the nation which first gives grave provocation and refuses to make reparation or to discontinue its offences is the nation guilty of the crime against humanity that war always connotes.

Many of the estimable professional alarmists are hurt in their tenderest feelings by the mere word pacifism. They are prepared to go on interminably in the old ways, achieving recurrently in due time the disasters that they have sought. They are not willing to make any effort to substitute new efficiency for old crudity. If they believe so firmly in the divine right of ignorance and the necessary permanence of stupidity, why do they build modern houses instead of mud huts? If they admit that progress is possible in some material things, why not admit that progress is possible in all other things that depend upon the development of intelligence?

The rational pacifist is not a mere idle dreamer, though some dreams have changed the course of history considerably. He is not inconsistent because, while working for peace and for the spreading of the ideas that will bring peace, he recognizes that an instantaneous revolutionary movement is scarcely probable. He is therefore willing to extend the police idea to national and international polity: he is willing, and desirous, that this police force should be made as efficient as possible. But he is not willing to continue the ludicrous system of nations under arms, of the crushing burdens of militarism during the period of suspense that is miscalled peace. He invites—there are several millions in this country alone who support the invitation—all the nations of the world to cease being quarrelsome children, deriving their ideas of personal and national glory from the nursery legends of dead centuries, and to begin to behave as grown-up people. He suggests that the mere accident of being born within certain boundaries need not tie a man down to a slavish subjection

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the policy of any local State, because it happened to have the honor of containing his birthplace: in other words, he need not pander to his personal conceit or ignorance and call the pandering "nationalism." The pacifist suggests finally that it is worth while to make as strenuous efforts to secure enduring peace as the militarists have made to ensure the probability of war.

In the meantime, the American pacifist has himself been invited to reflect upon the condition of the United States' army and navy. If he had had his way and self-styled civilized countries had attempted to adopt his ideas, the condition of any army or navy would not greatly matter. But as the militarist has had *his* way rather generally, with the inevitable result of complete disaster, the condition of a national police force *does* matter. But it is as a police force only, a force to prevent and not to initiate crime, that the United States' army and navy must be considered. Regarded from that standpoint alone, neither the navy nor the army is adequate, especially in view of the perplexities that may at any moment be resolved into an acute crisis. But both can be made, and should be made, efficient, without approximating even remotely to the standards of European militarism.

The world has already begun to recognize that the United States is now essentially disinterested, that whatever the individual sympathies of her people she is acting as a nation along the lines that it is hoped other nations will adopt, to the furtherance of the idea of peace and the avoidance of war. As the greatest neutral Power, she has been able to render services of high value to the warring countries: she would gladly retain the position which may enable her to offer even more important services in the future. With deliberate purpose, she has tried not to be drawn into the vortex; she has based her policies upon her conception of right, with entire disregard for the doctrine of might. Whatever may happen, she has done her duty to others. It remains to be seen whether her duty to herself and to her own ideals may compel her, committed as she is to the principles of peace, to accept reluctantly the tests of war.

In the moderation that she has shown, the willingness to extend and to expect courteous treatment, to discuss all problems rationally and without haste, she has done much for the ultimate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victory of the peace idea. If that moderation had been imitated in Europe, the catastrophe that has happened might have been avoided; and with it, the perplexities that now confront this country. If the President will continue to deal with those perplexities as he has dealt with them so far, he need not be afraid of any eventuality. The thoughtful people of the nation want peace, but they want it as part of the establishment of a new world-order, not as a temporary convenience. Should it prove to be absolutely necessary, the United States will do her share to prepare for ultimate and enduring peace, even through the use of the archaic and deplorable machinery of war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORMAN ANGELLISM UNDER FIRE

ROLAND HUGINS

THE economic case against militarism is associated commonly with one name. Indeed the whole pacifist argument against war on material grounds conveniently labels itself Norman Angellism. Few books have monopolized in the public mind a subject as complex as the relation of military power to national prosperity, with its allied problems of trade, colonies, international credits and overseas finance, so thoroughly as has *The Great Illusion.* Mr. Angell's commanding position is due partly to the readable and arresting character of his work, and partly to the failure of others to enter a fruitful field of discussion.

Mr. Angell is not a professional economist. In temperament and purpose he is a pacifist, by training a journalist. In his younger days he wrote an unnoticed book or two in the interests of peace. As manager of the Paris branch of the London *Daily Mail* for a number of years he was accounted one of the ablest of Lord Northcliffe's lieutenants. At that time he brought out a thin pamphlet entitled *Europe's Optical Illusion,* which, expanded to *The Great Illusion,* has been put through numerous editions and translated into every important language. Since then he has contributed *The Foundations of International Polity* and several other discussions to peace propaganda, expanding and emphasizing his original thesis. To-day he stands as the most significant, if not the most conspicuous, peace advocate in the English-speaking world.

Shortly after the war broke out, Mr. Angell, in his quarters in the Temple, London, remarked to a number of co-workers, "We have not been successful; we have merely been right." The co-workers enthusiastically agreed. But at the same moment the entire British press was asserting, between breaths, that the war had taken all the wind out of Mr. Angell's sails. And here we have an epitome of the reception Norman Angellism has received: on the one hand a group of ardent supporters, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accept *The Great Illusion* as gospel, and on the other a sceptical and derisive world.

Mr. Angell makes a rather slashing attack on prevailing political beliefs. His thesis, reduced to its simplest terms, is that war under modern conditions nets the conqueror exactly nothing. In his own words, "military power is socially and economically futile, and can have no relation to the prosperity of the people exercising it; it is impossible for one nation to seize by force the wealth and trade of another—to enrich itself by subjugating, or imposing its will on another; in short, war, even when victorious, can no longer achieve those aims for which people strive." Here is doctrine clear and, indeed, incisive: aggression is always futile. It is worth while to distinguish this from the contention that war does not pay a profit. Mr. Angell has not attempted to strike a balance sheet for war, checking off the losses in one column against the gains in another, and showing at the end a deficit. He declares flatly that for all the expenses and losses of war, direct and indirect, there are no compensations whatever. The credit side of the balance sheet is blank.

Having laid down his dictum, Mr. Angell proceeds to defend it in uncompromising fashion. The days of loot and tribute, he says, are gone. An indemnity proves more mischievous than beneficial and reacts against the recipient through inflation of prices; the industrial difficulties of Germany after 1871 are cited as evidence. New territory means no increase of wealth because property is now intangible and in any case remains in the same private hands as before. Germany "owns" Alsace-Lorraine, but no individual German is made thereby richer. Colonies are quite as much a liability as an asset. In what way, he inquires, are the self-governing colonies of Great Britain a source of profit to the mother country? Trade, again, goes to the man who sells cheapest, not to the man with the most battleships. A citizen of Denmark or Holland competes on equal terms in the markets of South America with citizens of Great Britain and Germany, for all the latters' dreadnoughts. Capital, flowing to the most lucrative investments, knows no international boundaries. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is that the sword can win

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no wealth. The hope of prosperity through use of force is the statesman's great illusion—pure maya.

Mr. Angell has at least made himself clear. Can it be that he is "merely right"? It is indeed strange that a doctrine at once so concise and so pregnant has not, if valid, carried conviction everywhere. Yet economists and statesmen have read his book unmoved. This insistent voice issuing from the cloistered quiet of the Temple carries little authority in parliaments. And the reason lies not wholly in love of illusion. We shall see—to anticipate—that Mr. Angell is more than half right, but that he prejudices his case by overstating it. We shall find that he suffers through journalistic emphasis, and injures several sound contentions by pressing all the economic objections to war into a stiff and startling dictum.

Mr. Angell has received too much solace from the unwisdom of his critics. Those who have denounced him most vehemently are those who patently have not read his books. For example, he cannot properly be classed, as frequently asserted in recent months, as one of those utopian pacifists who went about proclaiming war impossible. A number of passages in *The Great Illusion* show him fully alive to the danger of the present collapse; indeed, from the narrower view of politics his book was one of the several fruitless attempts to check that growing estrangement between England and Germany whose sinister menace far-sighted men discerned. Even less justifiable are the flippant sneers which discard his argument as mercenary and sordid. Mr. Angell has never taken an "account book" or "breeches pocket" view of war. He inveighs against what he terms its political and moral futilities as earnestly as against its economic futility.

Further, as a matter of plain justice, Mr. Angell deserves credit for seeing things as they are. He may not have attacked militarism as effectively as he might, but he has attacked a vital spot. Economic motives have provoked past wars, however obscured those motives by questions of race, religion, or pride. The present conflict is not unrelated to economic forces. Neutrally regarded it is on its negative side a war of mutual fears, and on its positive side a clash between rival imperialisms. But imperialism, for all its fine phrases about "the destiny of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nation" and "the glory of the Empire" and "our place in the sun," signifies nothing without a core of economic purpose. Power tempered by a continuing expense, the privilege of vainly interfering with other persons, offers feeble stimulus to imperial ambition. The statesmen of Europe, patriots all, expect material gains from successful war, not for themselves but for the millions they lead, or mislead. We cannot say to just what degree economic ends sway Germany, England, Russia, France, Japan—how far they have been influenced by hopes of new territories, markets, ports, colonies. But we can agree with Mr. Angell that practically every ruling class in the world sees an intimate connection between military power and national advantage, and is willing to risk something on occasion to back its opinion.

But may there not be a legitimate criticism of Mr. Angell on the basis of facts? Examined closely, does the world prove to be that smoothly working mechanism of free competition which he pictures? Trade, we find, does not flow automatically to the lowest bidder; it is often controlled in backward countries by preemptions, tariffs, spheres of influence—all deriving from military force. J. D. Whelpley, in *The Trade of the World,* writes: "The Far East is still in that period of development where trade follows not so much the flag as the sphere of influence. . . . The ethics of trade in the Far East are not those of Europe or North America. 'Get the business' is the slogan. How you get it is a matter of no consequence. If by political, police, or financial interference your rival can be crippled, such aids are permissible." The Open Door is a reality only in a few advanced countries. Trade moreover is partly governed by taste. French colonists prefer, other things equal, French products. The imports into British possessions from Great Britain were (1900) 45 per cent. of their total imports, from Germany 3 per cent.; their exports to Great Britain were 40 per cent., to Germany 4 per cent. England's commerce is stimulated by the mere fact that she has colonies inhabited largely by men of English language, customs, preferences. These preferences sometimes find political expression, as in the preferential tariffs granted Britain by her Crown colonies.

And are imperialist Governments entirely mistaken in looking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon subject colonies as promising investments? Is there anything illusory about the lucrative civil service posts to which the English governing classes appoint themselves in India and Africa? Is there anything chimerical in the capital concessions which Englishmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen grant themselves in their respective colonies? The concessionary interest seems to have been ignored by Mr. Angell, although it is the key to many an international difficulty. The amount of British overseas investments in British dependencies was, in 1910, £1,554,000,000, a sum almost equal to British investment—£1,637,000,000—in the rest of the world, including the United States. Germany, owning Mesopotamia, could develop railways, cities, irrigation systems. What capital but German would be used? What engineers, business managers, bankers but German would participate? Often such concessions yield rich returns in the end, since the investment secures not only generous interest but unearned increment. Should Japan take control—through military aggression or the threat of it—of the mines and railroads of China, Japanese capitalists and promoters would be in a position to capture a large slice of the economic rent resulting from China's industrial development. Colonial expansion is not to-day a piratical adventure but a business enterprise. Morocco has cost France great sums—so far. Frenchmen expect Morocco's future to justify, many times over, present expenditures.

To these exceptions to his dogma Mr. Angell has closed his eyes. In his chapter on *The Indemnity Futility* he lays himself open to even severer criticism. It is true that at one point he says "the direct cost of preparing for a war and of guarding against a subsequent war of retribution must, from the nature of the case, exceed the value of the indemnity which can be exacted." Here the author shifts his ground and, for once, seeks to hit a balance between debits and credits, approaching to a sounder view. Yet directly above he says of the indemnity "all the evidence would seem to show it was mischievous." And indeed the manipulation of the Franco-Prussian instance is an effort to demonstrate that the payment hurt the victor more than the victim. Such argument wears a dubious aspect. To wage a war for the sake of an indemnity would be folly; but the receipt of an in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demnity cannot be reckoned a national loss. Though Germany's exaction of tribute from Belgian cities may be international burglary, the loot is nevertheless real. Japan, in 1895, took an indemnity of 200,000,000 taels from China, more than enough to finance the war. Any great indemnity, unless administered with gross stupidity, lightens taxes in the conquering country. It is fantastic to attribute the industrial troubles of Germany after 1870 to the flood of French gold. That depression was world wide, and produced in the United States the violent panic of 1873. Surplus gold in any event soon flows out of a country through the action of bank rates, and an inflation of prices is corrected by an increase of imports. It would be easy to throw Mr. Angell's argument into a *reductio ad absurdum*. If indemnities do mischief to the receiver, why not, when victor, instead of demanding one, pay one to the vanquished? And why wait for a war? Why not cripple your enemy at any convenient time by giving him a good round sum?

The assertion, then, that there are no gains from war cannot be interpreted strictly. We must admit exceptions. Mr. Angell's "apparent paradox" turns out to be an obvious exaggeration. The fault lies not in Mr. Angell's logic but in his economics. He takes no account of economic friction. For him, apparently, commerce and finance work in a perfectly elastic medium of equal opportunity. His world knows no capital concessions, no political trade preferences, no class interests, no differences in national wage levels. But his world is not the world we live in.

Possibly Mr. Angell's world will one day be realized. In the long run economic friction is eliminated: customers come to the cheapest and best goods; capital assumes international fluidity; natural resources are utilized by the most efficient managers. As the earth becomes industrialized the gains possible to aggression tend to disappear. This, however, is an historical tendency rather than the accomplished fact. The point has been well hit off recently by Lord Sydenham (*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1915): "If ever the whole world is parcelled out among civilized and progressive States, diligently employed in developing all its available resources and closely linked by mutual commercial interchanges, the argument for universal peace on grounds of 'policy and self-interest' will undoubtedly be strengthened.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such conditions are still far from being fulfilled, and while territory remains which, if brought under control of a vigorous Power, could be made more productive, the possibility of profitable annexation by force cannot be excluded. Operations of war, in such a case, may afford a balance of economic advantage, though this would depend upon the measure of loss which the war entailed, or, in other words, upon the strength of the resistance to be overcome."

The credit entries on the balance sheet of war will become fewer as time goes on. At present they are not negligible. It is probable, however, that even now they bulk larger in the imagination of statesmen and business men than their actual volume warrants. The concessions which American or British business men might secure through a military occupation of Mexico would be a bucketful added to the stream of American and British capital. Yet that bucketful may yet drench Mexico with war. Along the thin edges of civilization Germany may push her trade by force and monopoly, but she has most to gain by peaceful intercourse with established nations. Despite, however, the comparative smallness of borderland trade it undoubtedly occupies a great deal of attention in European Foreign Offices. It is competition in the non-industrial belt which keeps alive the anachronistic notion that nations are commercial rivals. The colonial trader and the concessionary capitalist are the fingertips of a nation's financial system: and they constantly register pain. The anti-German agitation in England during the last decade has been stimulated by the irritation felt by English merchants and investors when they met German competition in the backward lands. Possibly this irritation was out of proportion to the prizes at stake. We cannot tell. We must wait until cost accounting is applied to colonial enterprise and exploitative trade.

Mr. Angell, of course, gives no estimate, for he tries to wipe the credit side bare. Thus he weakens his argument by pushing it too far. Furthermore his approach leads him to neglect the debit side of the balance sheet, although here lies one half, and possibly the weightier half, of the economic case against war. The progress of industry and the growth of population

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tend to make strife more and more costly, both in direct expense and indirect losses. The building of a navy and the equipment and maintenance of an army now costs millions where it formerly cost thousands. Each new invention piles higher the burden—armor-plate, high-power explosives, submarines, machine guns, aircraft. Actual warfare proves an insane extravagance. It has been estimated that the present struggle costs each of the five chief belligerents from two to fifteen million dollars a day. The war loans already run into billions. A Seven Years' War would ruin the world. A Thirty Years' War is unthinkable.

The indirect losses, moreover, have increased at equal pace. Millions of men are withdrawn from productive work. Useful industries deteriorate, wasteful industries inflate. Untold amounts of both producers' and consumers' capital are consumed or destroyed. A great war impoverishes the world. As the decades pass these costs and losses grow. The credit side of war will, after a time, shrink; the debit will lengthen.

This positive side of the economic argument Mr. Angell passes over. Indeed he seems, by implication, to belittle it. In reading his text one gets the idea that if, as he says, nothing can be gained by war in this modern world where we are all so interdependent and wealth takes on intangibility, then, by the same formula, little can be lost. One cannot be sure that he makes a distinction between the consequences to the victor and to the vanquished. Recently Mr. Angell asserted, "Even from the point of view of the moral and material well-being of the German people, the victory of the Prussian arms would be a disaster." A new prophet indeed! Shall nations, then, wax rich through defeats? The truth here is rather that complex development makes terrible damage possible. An agricultural country like Russia can be harmed little by invasion, whereas an industrialized nation like Germany or the United States may be swiftly paralyzed. Should the Allies overrun Teutonic territories and, moved by a spirit of revenge, raze factories and power plants, destroy mines, shipyards and railways, they would pauperize their enemy.

Of course such vandalism would react against the vandals. Mr. Angell stands on firm ground when he insists that to destroy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your enemy is to destroy one of your own markets. Germany's imports for home consumption from the British Empire in 1912 were valued at £99,895,000. Mayhem committed on a prostrate foe cripples the victor indirectly, but the vanquished suffers first and most severely. Furthermore, while the damage falls directly on the ravaged country, retribution is international and is spread round the interwoven world. In devastating Germany, England would wipe out one of her own best markets; she would also wipe out one of the markets of the United States, and of Argentina, and a dozen other states. War takes toll from winners as well as losers, from neutrals as well as belligerents. To-day all political entities have an interest in preserving the world's peace.

After all, as we said, Mr. Angell is more than half right. At the basis of his argument lies the profound truth that industrial progress proceeds by geographical division of labor, and makes each nation a unit in a vast coöperation working to the ultimate profit of all. Each group tends to specialize, at the last, in those commodities which it can produce most efficiently. The result emerges in a universal cheapening of goods. England, Germany and France are not commercial rivals, fundamentally, in any different sense than the States of Pennsylvania, Kansas and Illinois are rivals. A prosperous Germany contributes, *ipso facto,* to make a prosperous Britain. How far this drift toward interdependence has gone is evidenced by the sensitiveness of banking centres, stock exchanges and produce markets to disturbances in any corner of the world.

Are these, academically speaking, new truths? Are they not rather the commonplaces of advanced economic thought for a number of decades? Among his other minor faults of presentation we must note Mr. Angell's failure to give credit to his intellectual predecessors. He does not trace his doctrine to Necker, Turgot, Cobden, Mill, Adam Smith and a long line of economists, but launches his thesis as though it were a bolt from the blue. Yet all that is sound harks back. The following passage is taken from Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe,* published in 1873:

"Formerly, as I have said, the interests of nations were supposed to be diametrically opposed. The wealth that was

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

added to one was necessarily taken from another; and all commerce was a kind of balance, in which a gain on one side implied a corresponding loss on the opposite one. Every blow that was struck to the prosperity of one nation was of advantage to the rest, for it diminished the number of those among whom the wealth of the world was to be divided. . . . Independently of the many wars that were directly occasioned by a desire to alter commercial relations, there was a constantly smouldering ill-feeling created by the sense of habitual antagonism, which the slightest difference kindled into a flame.

"For this great evil political economy is the only corrective. It teaches, in the first place, that the notion that a commercial nation can only prosper by the loss of its neighbor, is essentially false. It teaches still further that each nation has a direct interest in the prosperity of that with which it trades, just as a shopman has an interest in the wealth of his customers. It teaches, too, that the different markets of the world are so clearly connected, that it is quite impossible for a serious derangement to take place in any one of them without its evil effects vibrating through all; and that, in the present condition of Europe, commercial ties are so numerous, and the interests of nations so closely interwoven, that war is usually an evil even to the victor. Each successive development of political economy has brought these truths into clearer relief."

Still, the old errors are ever cropping up anew and truth spreads but slowly. Mr. Angell has entered a field neglected by professional economists and by the striking cast of his argument sharply called popular attention to the fallacies in national rivalry and appropriation through force. That service is genuine. It is true Mr. Angell scarcely can be called authoritative, and that he could have written a stronger indictment of war than *The Great Illusion*. In a more careful treatise he would amplify his economic and social material, and treat it historically rather than logically. Possibly—we are permitted to hope—he will some day undertake this larger task.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TWO BROTHERS

FRANCES GREGG

THE younger brother rose cautiously. It was long since the dying man on the bed had stirred. He must not be disturbed. He looked peaceful as he lay. There was nothing in the face that was not benign, nothing in the noble structure of the features unbeautiful. If only he might die as he was then, if only he might not speak! What malevolence, what diabolical power was behind that beautiful mask? He looked young as he lay there, younger than he was, and yet he was young to die, only forty: and the consumptive who watched by his side would be little more than half that when, as he knew, he would so shortly follow.

Now he must get to the window. He must have air. If he should cough it would rouse that dying brother; he would speak; it was unbearable that he should ever speak again. Yet to others it was terrible "to think of that voice forever stilled," as they had expressed it; that voice that had made his brother famous, for it was a great man who lay there dying.

They had come, those people to whom he had lectured, those passionate disciples; when they heard that the Master was dying, they had crowded into the town. They had stood for hours in the road under his window. The nearest to him among them had petitioned to see him, to have one last word to carry back from him to those who waited. But the great man had refused them, he would see no one, no one, even of his family, except his youngest brother.

The young man shuddered.

They had brought the message to him, "except my youngest brother"; and he had gone. It was twenty hours ago now. For twenty hours he had been harried by his brother's words. Now at last he slept. And the younger brother was alone.

It wearied him to think how the little groups of people would lift up their faces, white in the failing light, when he came to the window. He must look beyond them, over their heads to the water, to the little shut-in bay. Yet even there he could not be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alone. His brother had looked upon it with him. "More beautiful than Naples," he had said, and to the younger man it had become a thing impure. It could never be his again except through that desecrating mind. He had so spoken just after the incident of the flowers.

They had sent so many, his admirers, and he had had them all in his room. He had taken a curious gross pleasure in the number of them, all for him. And then with exquisite delicacy he had sorted them, classifying them exactly and tenderly. In the end he had sent them away. "Mr. Waiter," he had said—how like him that was, that servility more base than contempt!—"Mr. Waiter, give all these to the black gentleman who ran off with the white girl. Poor dear, he was mobbed by some mad Americans. Tell them I wish them to sleep upon these to-night, upon flowers."

How vulgar it was, how blatantly vulgar the conception! How it was stamped with that something flagrant and inept, that had come to mean his brother to the younger man!

Suddenly he started, for a rich voice poured into the silence of the room. The great man was dreaming that he again addressed his people: "The old religions, my friends, the old religions cannot be so lightly cast aside. Ah, my friends, can you not see, back in the dim recesses of Time, a temple strewn about with broken altars, each one draped in the tattered banner of some lost faith?"

The room was silent again. How those people below would have liked to hear those few words! The young man sighed as he looked at them, pressed so close below the window. He must make them a sign, a sign that there was still life. And he must go back to his post. His brother had spoken, he would soon wake.

The crowd stirred with relief at his gesture. Strange! Once he too had been like them, had given the same adulation, the same credulity. Was he wrong? Was it only self-pity and self-love that stood in his way now? Was his brother really too great for him to understand? He could do beautiful things—beautiful—and *brutal!* His words before he slept had been of that last.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had cried out that he was "alone—alone!" Ever so tentatively the young man had said, "I am here——"

"Ah, you——" His brother did not finish. The young man's face paled with the cruelty of it. There had not been even contempt in his brother's tone; he was put aside, he was nothing, less than nothing. A passionate cry, "But I loved you!" rose to his lips and died before utterance. What was love, or hate, or any one of the human emotions to that satyr-like monster who had deformed the universe for him?

He turned again to the bed, bending down to peer into the placid face. Was there no sign, no secret imprint upon it, to purify his love or to make just his hate? His brother's eyes opened, bewildered, frightened. With an inadequate gesture he tried to touch the young face. "Ah, you——" he said. It was the tone of a homesick child, satisfied to see a loved face. There was infinite pathos in it, heartbreaking wistfulness. The young man burst into great gulping sobs. Tears flooded his face. He stood convulsed, at the mercy of his emotion. When he recovered he met the caustic gaze of his brother's eyes. He stood confronted with the grotesquerie of his emotion, the snuffling, the uncouth sounds, the need of his handkerchief. All those soul-purging emotions that had for the moment clustered over them, like ancient deities, were gone; nothing remained in the room but his *gaucherie*.

"Now, my friend, let us discuss the nature of tears." It was the old tone, the tone that had rung through his adolescence, that relieving tone of abstract interest, spacious, full of time. "I have never wept," his brother went on, "in all my life I have never wept at all—nor I believe has she."

The young man shivered. It had come at last, the thing he had longed for, and dreaded most. His brother had spoken of her, of that invisible third, who had stood like a sentient being between them through all the long hours they had waited together for death.

"Speak to me of her—speak to me!" the young man cried out. "Why did you do it—why—why——?"

A look of ineffable self-content blurred all the fine lines of the elder man's face. "Why?" he said. His voice was gentle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now, slow, and lisped ever so slightly over the words. "Why? My friend, has ever mortal had chance of doing what I did? She was so frail, so chaste, like a vestal, a thing consecrated, meant for dedication, for perpetual chastity. And she was ignorant of the world, and not too young, twenty-seven, older than you. I have not let her forget that! And I watched her seduction, her destruction. To see her shame and humiliation was exquisite to me. She knew nothing—nothing when she married him."

"But why to him—why did you marry her to him——?"

"Why to him, to your best friend, my little brother? To him who had been our sister's lover, whose little ways you knew? That you might know how he would deal with her, and never was flesh more provocative than hers! And it was easy, she believed in me as a great tragic world-spirit as sad as her own. And she loves me now. What, my little brother, you all thought I could never hold the love of a woman, and a good woman! How many years are gone—three—four—and her heart is still mine! She is mine—mine! I have shown you my power."

"But why"—the young man's shrill tone broke with discordance upon the elder's rich, purring note—"why did you bring me into it?"

"See, my friend, we already speak as though I were dead. You ask, and I answer—the truth. Why did I bring you into it? Why? Had I not that thought from the beginning? He could only appreciate her body—but you could love her soul, *and her body,* my little brother, and her body! And she was gone, she could never be yours, your friend's wife. Did I not see it all from the beginning—how you would yearn to her, when you saw her like a bruised white petal in the hollow of his great hand! And she turned to you as to the sun. But I did not let her mistake. I recalled to her what such attraction led to. I brought to her mind her mutilation. And in the midst of her pain I caressed her, and she knew that I scorned her love, and her love went on. And you were jealous, you, our young conqueror of women, were jealous of your elder brother, your brother who could never keep the love of a woman. Well—I have shown you——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The dying man's voice broke and was sucked away into the silence. The room grew darker. There was no sound of breathing. The younger man wondered if his brother were dead—dead and the last question unasked. What if the room were really empty, if he were really alone at last? He must chance that terror. The question palpitated through his lips, "Did you not care that I suffered?"

"Care!" The answer rang out, clear and triumphant as the note of a trumpet. "Did I not care! Ah, do not remind me! Shall I ever forget your suffering? How fragile it was—how pallid—how exotic—how languorous! I must not think of it—it is too exciting—it will kill me! Ah, I have been a God—I have played as a God with your emotions!"

The triumphant note rang through all the long corridors of the young man's soul, mocking their emptiness, taunting the misery that lurked in the grey shadows. "A God—a God!"—the word flamed against his parched brain. And again he was struck with doubt. Was he wrong? Was it something febrile and inadequate in him, was it his paucity of soul, was there really perhaps something God-like in the man's power, in his inhumanity?

The darkness deepened. If there had been but a moon! Would he know, would it come to him by instinct when the room was empty at last? The young man leaped to his feet as a cry shattered the night.

"I am alone—alone! Send for her, say that I am dying, she will come—to me."

Could he do it? Could he do this last thing for his brother? To have her there—the two of them—for a last sensation for that dying man? There was time. A messenger could bring her by dawn. Could his brother live so long? Souls, they said, went out with the ebb of the tide. She could come at the dawn—the tide changed then.

It was done. And now there was still the night to be borne. If only he might not think! If he might sleep! Would the night never pass? It was the weight upon his chest that kept the night back. And now the bay was flooding over them both. But he could yet save them if only his brother would not cling so about his neck. The shore was so little away—only not that shore—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the distant one—she was calling to him to bring the torturer there. But he need not struggle—here was release—visible Death stood at his side. What was it Death was saying—"Fool—fool——"

The young man struggled into wakefulness. He had slept in his chair. The messenger stood at his elbow with a letter in his hand. She had not come. The light of the dawn hovered in the shadows. And through the window he could see the little multi-colored bay far out from the land. The bed was shaken by the gasps of the dying man.

"Fool—fool," the querulous tone whistled through the blue lips, "fool—you slept—could you not watch with me one hour? There is a letter—read—the film is already over my eyes——"

The young man's sleep-sodden brain was shocked into life as he read the few words. This to a dying man! This! Here was vengeance—vengeance for them both! Yet, could he read this to that tortured creature upon the bed? How subtly she had phrased it! If he omitted the brutality, that feminine, unrelieved brutality, he might read the rest. He knew his brother's mind. How he would twist each subtlety to his own glory! Could he risk their flavor of concentrated bitterness? Oh, why not read it as it stood? He deserved it. It was just. *Read it*—as one might spit in a dead man's face!

The racked chest of the dying man lifted again to speak: "Read—read, my brother—see—I choke—Death has already his hand at my throat——" The face was again one of child-like dependence, again that heartbreaking wistfulness. "Quick—my brother, read—or I shall not hear—the waters of Lethe are loud in my ears—read—my brother——"

And the young man made as though he read: "My heart is broken that I cannot come to you. I have always loved you. In all my life no other shall reign in my heart."

A light flooded the dying face. It became noble, pure, irradiated. There was dignity, grace, power, beauty. He held out his hand for the paper. His fingers closed over it with magnificent possession. He sat upright, his hand, with the protruding white edges of paper, thrust before him. For a moment he struggled for breath, then, "I have not failed!" he cried. The golden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voice filled the room, and seemed to break and ripple upon some void beyond. Involuntarily the younger brother turned; it seemed some Presence must be there to answer, to reassure that ecstatic agony. Only the golden dawn flooded the room. When he turned again, sunken against the pillow the dead face of a smirking coxcomb confronted him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

IN the train from Dublin to Galway, I fell into talk with a farmer and a wounded soldier. The soldier was rather drunk and very friendly, and he told us about life in the trenches, and how it feels to be shot, and he showed us the place where the bullet came out of his neck, and the ugly shrapnel wound in his leg.

"And did you lose your eye?" asked the farmer in an awed, respectful voice.

"Sure I did," said the soldier, winding on his bandages again. He made us feel that it was a slight thing, and quite natural, to lose an eye.

"Well, I thought I had my troubles," said the farmer, smiling at me, "but I expect I'm not so badly off, after all."

"Why, what might your trouble be?" asked the soldier.

"I've just come back from America," said the farmer. "I've been travelling since the twenty-fourth of last month. I was one night in Liverpool going out, and one night coming back, and I was four days in the blooming immigrant station in New York."

"Sure, you must be destroyed," said the soldier. "Wouldn't they let you in?"

"They would not," said the farmer, with a sad smile.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. He seemed weary of trying to understand it, and bewildered, like a driven sheep.

"That's too bad now," said the soldier. "Well, I knew a man once. . . ."

I looked out of the window, and tried to justify my country for turning away this sad, simple man. I watched his face as he bent forward to listen to the soldier's rambling story. It was a browned, animal-like face, with no firmness around the mouth, and dull, dreamy eyes that had had the animation taken from them by long gazing across stony fields and barren boglands and, lately, the sea. I wondered how he had found the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impulse to go to America, and if he hated the sight of Ireland again, after he had left it with such high hopes, and if his family would be glad to see him again, or sorry. He was so quiet in his disappointment, and so resigned, that I wondered how I had ever found it in my heart to be angry with anyone for being stupid.

"Is there any sign of America coming into the war?" the soldier was saying.

"No," said the farmer contemptuously. "They're too damn slow. I saw some of the American soldiers; dudes they are, strutting around in high collars, with white gloves on." The soldier laughed. "And there's another American ship been lost; sunk by that submarine that's been down off Kerry. Sure, if they had any courage at all they'd have been in the war long ago." I couldn't blame him for that bitterness, seeing that America had turned him out.

As we drew nearer to Galway, he became quiet, sitting with his chin in his hand, watching the hills; but there was no determination in his face, nor anger. I suppose he thought simply that he was beginning again.

On the station platform in Galway, a blue-eyed colleen approached me with a tray of badges around her neck, and a tin box of pennies in her hand. Irish blue eyes are familiar all over the world; there have been so many songs sung about them. It was impossible to resist, so I gave her a shilling for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and while she was thanking me, my farmer lost himself in the crowd, and I never saw him again.

Galway is called the "City of the Tribes," and I have been told that there are traces of the old Spanish influence, dating, I like to think, from the days of the Armada, visible in its architecture, and sometimes in the dark eyes of the people. But I did not stay to look for these things. There is no pleasure in seeing places you have been told to see; the enthusiasm is artificial, and you are always thinking of the report you will have to make to the person who advised you. The only real places are those you find for yourself; guide-books and tourist agencies and pioneering friends spoil pilgrimages. There is no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baedeker of Ireland, and that is one reason why travel in Ireland is such a delight, and every turning of an Irish road so fresh an adventure.

Outside the town I stopped by the roadside to eat my lunch. The air was clear and cool; Loch Corrib was spread below me, and the clouds were racing across its grey waters and piling up behind the low stony hills on the other side. Except for one house near me, there was no sign of humanity as far as I could see. It was a landscape a million years old, and the thin curl of blue peat-smoke from the chimney emphasized the desolation. The house was thatched, and brilliant with whitewash; it had a broad low door, and tiny windows, polished till they shone, set close up under the eaves. All the houses in the West of Ireland are alike—of one storey, with the earth floor lower than the ground outside, a big chimney, stone gables, and grass and flowers growing in the weather-grey thatch. The doors are often painted red, and sometimes there are gay flower-boxes at the windows. A gate closes the lower half of the door, but the baby leaves it open, or the pig bursts it in, or the hens fly awkwardly over it, and the domestic animals are always wandering in and out from the bright sunlight of the barren yard to the cool dark fertility under tables and chairs within. Though the houses are all built on the same general two-roomed plan, each shows the individual peculiarities of the person who built it, with the variations of his descendants added; these houses are of a spontaneous architecture, sprung from the soil, the earth holding them as stones are imbedded in the bark of a tree, as natural as any artificial thing can be.

On the road near Oughterard I met an old man, who raised his hat to me when he saw me in the distance, and wished me good day, and called me "your honor," when I came close. His long hair shone in the sun like silver.

"It's a fine day," I said.

"Aye, so it is, thank God," he said. "You're after coming from Galway?" And when I nodded, "It's a fine town, is Galway."

I told him I hadn't stopped long there, being in a hurry to see the country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I suppose you're a great traveller, aren't you?" he said. "And if you've seen all the cities of the world, sure, you'd not be stopping to look at a little town the likes of that."

"I'm from America," I said.

"Ah!" he cried, with sudden Irish enthusiasm lighting up his eyes, "I've been there! So I have. I was working in Wilmington, Delaware, and I was working in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and I was working laying down the what-do-you-callums, the railway tracks in Third Avenue in Brooklyn, New York. Aye, I've been all over. And now I'm a poor man walking the roads, without a penny to buy me a breakfast." He reflected a moment. "I've friends in America," he said. "But they are all out in Kansas and Nebraska, and you'd not likely be knowing any of them."

I asked if they were doing well.

"Doing well, aye, so they are, praise God," he said. "Well, I'm walking the roads to Galway, and when I get there I'll be going to the church to say a prayer, and I'll say a prayer for you, young man, to get you a safe journey, and to send you safe somewhere this night."

He bared his venerable head again, and waved his hat to me as I went up over the hill. After that, the mountains seemed less wild and desolate, and the brown bog-lands less melancholy and bare. I fell to thinking that wherever in the world the country is wild and forbidding, and the fields stony and stubborn, and the winter rain loud on thatch and window-pane, the cordiality and hospitality and warm-heartedness of the inhabitants rises to meet that unfriendliness of nature, and to combat it.

At Oughterard I put up at Murphy's, a small hotel with all the informality of stagnation. The waiter who served my dinner had been in the English army, years ago, and he borrowed a shilling on the strength of having been to Nova Scotia.

After dinner I stood at the hotel window looking out into the street. The houses were shining whitely in the blue dusk, with streaks of warm rosy light from the chinks of windows and doors. Children were rolling hoops in the market-place,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and screaming, and I could hear men's rough low voices, and heavy foot-falls crunching on the pebbles. From time to time a match flared, lighting up the faces of a group in front of the blacksmith's shop. Daily living for these people is small and detailed, and all about them is a great elemental life, which they touch in a dim, vague way. They are poets and dreamers by nature, but they lack the means of expression, now that their language has been taken from them, and they are forced to live in two worlds at once. Souls of the old heroes, dreams of mad beggars, visions of saints and of martyrs, fairies, and ghosts and bog-lights and legends—these going hand-in-hand with the hills and the streams and the shores of the sea, and the pity is that the race is dumb.

In the morning the road to Clifden lay through a pleasant little wood, with a cool dark stream between shady banks, and patches of sunshine on the brilliant grass. It changed later to open bog-lands, with bare hills shutting in on all sides, and the thin road winding between them in a lost, frightened way.

I stopped to talk with a man who was cutting turf.

"Aye, it is hard work," he said, "and a man can be working ten or eleven hours a day at it, and getting only two shillings. And that's not much. But there's many poor people around here that gets only nine shillings a week, and they with three or four young children, maybe. They have to get on the best they can, God help them. There's many in Ireland would starve if it wasn't for America, and that's a fact, with the friends they have over there to send them a pound or two now and then. My daughter is over there, working in Albany, New York." He turned up a few more sods in silence. "The turf makes a pleasant fire," he went on, "and there's a grand smell to it when it's burning. Plenty of people that could afford coal easy enough, are burning the sods for the pleasant smell of it. There! look, there's some of the old bog-wood. Wood, you know, that they had in ancient times, and it got buried up in the bog. If you was to dry that and set it up, it would burn as fine as any candle. Would you believe that now?" When I left, he wished me good luck, and turned to his monotonous labor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An old woman stopped to speak to me a few miles farther on, as I was resting on the bank. She was trudging the long miles sturdily, walking in her bare feet, as the women do in the West of Ireland, for all she was bent with age and her face was seamed and wrinkled by the years. I looked up and wished her good day.

"I thought it was beat up you were," she said, "and you sitting there so hunched up by the roadside."

"Oh, no," I told her. "I just stopped to rest and to smoke my pipe."

"That's right," she said. "Take a good rest now, and don't be getting over-tired in the heat."

Clifden is a disappointing town, because it strives for commercial prosperity—an ideal which fits neither the landscape nor the character of the people. Commercial prosperity is for the Irishman a borrowed virtue. Clifden stands on a high misty coast, with sea-birds screaming above it, and cattle wandering between the boulders on the hills around it, and hard-handed men wearily seeking its lights at the end of the day. From the spirit of the place, the village might have stood there since the coming of the grandsons of Breogan. And of its hundred houses, ninety are shops! And all, I hope, doing well, praise God.

I met an English magistrate in the hotel in Clifden, and talked with him about the war, which seemed to obsess him, and about Ireland, which was for him a foreign country. In the morning he took me a part of my way in his car, with my bicycle tied on the back. An Irish outside car is an exciting vehicle; I sat high in the air, facing sideways and hanging on, bounced about by vicious springs, and surrounded by a cloud of white hairs from the horse. I remember now that we talked about wildcats, but at the time my thoughts were with the car.

He set me down at the cross-roads on the crest of the range of hills and I rode down on the Connemara side, through the Pass of Kylmore. There is a convent in the little village of Letterfrack, and there is a gaunt wireless station on one of the hills; for the rest of that day I saw no sign of civilization but one deserted hunting lodge, and a few boarded-up summer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

residences, reflected in the lake. The high windy fields are white with stones; some have been cleared, with incredible labor, and the stones piled up like a fort in the centre. Every ploughing turns up more stones, so that it must seem to the farmer that they grow spontaneously, or are sown by evil spirits in the night.

Lenane is at the head of Killery Harbor. It consists of a few scattered houses and an hotel, which is a centre for travellers and hunters and motor-parties; yet it keeps its hold on its natural isolation for all that. Some travelled enthusiasts have called Killery Harbor a fiord, and they have given to the district the name of the "Norway of Ireland," by reason of the steep hills that rise on all sides of it, and let the exploring sea into the land between them; but it is a foolish epithet, because Killery Harbor can never be anything but itself.

At Lenane I had breakfast with a Roscommon farmer. "Ireland is doing her share, and more than her share, in the war," he told me. When he found I was not an Englishman, however, he seemed relieved: "Then I can speak my mind," he said. "There's a lot of men that haven't gone, and won't go; why should they? Sure, they've nothing to fight for but the clothes on their backs and the roofs over their heads, and they hate England like poison. All the young lads you meet carousing along the roads in the night—they're getting three and four shillings a day, and their keep, for making hay, and it's more money than they ever had before. And the farmers are having the time of their lives; thirty guineas a head I was getting for milch cattle, and four pounds for a sheep—I never got four pounds for a sheep before. I don't see any reason why we should go out and get shot. Probably if there was a policeman heard me saying that I'd go to jail right off."

I asked him what he thought of teaching Irish in the schools.

"Sure, it's a waste of time entirely," he said. "What good does it do them, and all their business being done in English? They'd better be learning something that's some use to them, and not be looking back at the past all the time. We look at the past too much; that's the whole trouble. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later I met a man from the Aran Islands, which lie off the coast of Galway, far out of the world in the wind and the rain, and he told me proudly of the place. "They're good people there," he said. "I don't suppose you'd find any better people anywhere in the world. And they're old-fashioned too; maybe that's the reason for it. You'd see them wearing clothes they made themselves, grown and woven right there in the Islands, and the women wear shawls they've made themselves. You'd see the pampooties, shoes made of cow-skin, that they use for walking on the rocks. They're bold sailors too, and daring; sure, they have to be, and they right out in the Atlantic itself. They have skin boats they go fishing in, with a high bow to them, the like of that one there. My uncle had a hooker he used to run, and he was lost off her—he was anchoring one time, and somehow he got the chain around his leg, and it pulled him overboard, and drowned him. But he was a damn fool to get caught so, God save him."

"The people speak Irish there, I've been told," I said.

"Sure they do," he answered enthusiastically. "And it's a grand thing too. Everybody speaks Irish there, and more are learning it everywhere, what with it being taught in the schools. Isn't it a pitiful thing now, that a man should live all his life in his own country, and never know the language?"

He asked a great many questions about America, for he was hoping to go there soon. "And I'd best be hurrying up about it, hadn't I?" he said. "For they might be bringing in conscription and then I'd be in a fix. I'd shoot the man that came to get me, so I would, and what reason would I have for doing that, and he only doing his duty, and not meaning any harm to me?"

While we were talking about America, seated in a tiny garden as quiet as a cloister, watching the gusts sweep down from the hills and chase across the water, a man came along the road and told us excitedly about the sinking of the *Lusitania*. We were astonished, as we had been speaking of it before, and had decided that the *Lusitania* was safe, because of her speed and the protection the British navy would be sure to give to the first ship of the world. "Isn't that just like the English, to be so sure?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he said. "I hope America won't be coming into the war now, and making matters worse than they are."

I had expected to find people who spoke Irish, and once when I was sitting on the wall of a bridge, watching the water slip over the stones, seeing a harmless-looking man coming, walking with his shoes in his hand, I ventured to speak to him the four words of Irish I had been taught for the occasion. To my dismay, he answered in the same language, of which, of course, I understood nothing. But he knew no English, and we separated with smiles and friendly nods.

Dhuloch Pass is a narrow cut in the mountains, so steep and high that it might almost be closed by a door, with a hushed valley behind it, and a little lake in the hollow of the hills. There is one house, nestled in a grove of trees, and for six miles beyond that no living thing but the sheep on the hillsides. Then the road branches out into several, and scatters over a great tract of rolling bog-land, covered with scrubby grass of so deep a brown that it looks purple in the distance, and patches of yellow gorse that flame like fire against the background.

Finally I met a man driving sheep, and I stopped to ask him my way. He was a giant in size, with a face as big as a ham, and as brown, and great red hands that looked able to toss mountains and strangle storms.

"What part of Ireland might you be from now?" he asked; "for I can tell by your accent that you're a stranger here."

"I'm from America," I said, and seeing his great face light up at the name, "I suppose you've friends there?" I added.

"Ah! let me shake your hand, young man!" he cried. "My uncle fought in your war, and my grandmother is buried in Altoona, Pennsylvania, and my two boys and my sister and my sister's boy is scattered all over. It's the country! In former years it was always a great ambition of mine to go to America, but I don't suppose I'll ever be going now."

I told him the news about the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

"God save us!" he cried, and his face went white. "Ain't that a terrible thing now! I'll have to sit down; my flesh is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creeping; look how my hand shakes!" He sat on a stone by the roadside, as limp as a man in a faint; he had barely strength to call to his dog to round up the sheep. "Ain't that a terrible thing now!" he cried, over and over again, rocking his huge body to and fro. "Was many lost, God help them?"

I told him I had heard no details, and after a few moments he recovered himself, and we walked on. I asked the name of the great conical hill that rose before us.

"That's Croagh Patrick," he said, "where all the people do be making pilgrimages for the good of their souls; you can see the chapel on the top of it. And that there is the highest mountain in Connemara; many a time I've seen the Englishmen coming here with regular mountain boots on their feet, to climb it. Sure it's the only way to see the country, walking and going slow, and that's the truth. That mountain you see there is Clare Island; there's good farming land on all those islands, and the people is prosperous. But America's the country! We've always been good friends with America; we've fought in your wars and dug your canals and built your railways and your cities. Here's my house; would you come in now, and have a cup of tea?"

I told him I must be hurrying on if I was to get to Westport before dark.

"Aye, sure you must," he said. "Well, good-bye to you, young man, and long life to you, and a safe journey."

In the afternoon I was sitting by the roadside with a bottle of ale, and a threepenny loaf of bread, when a woman stopped to wish me good day.

"Sure, why weren't you stopping in the village, where you could get a drink?" she said. "Bread's so dry alone."

I showed her the bottle I had. "That's good," she said. "There's another town about four miles beyond, where you can get another drink; stop there, too." She unwrapped three stalks of rhubarb she was carrying in a newspaper. "Will you take a stick of this now?" she asked, holding it out. "It's refreshing to eat, in the hot sun." I thanked her, and said I would not take it. "But you're travelling the roads . . ." she began.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It was bad news about the *Lusitania,* wasn't it?" I said.

"Oh!" she said. "I say, 'God help all them that's fighting, and God help all the little children,' I say, 'and the mothers, and the poor people that was lost.'"

I reached Westport before dark, and left it again at once. It is a miserable town, not close enough to civilization to be clean, and not remote enough to be clean.

The landscape of County Mayo is softer than that of Galway, and the friendliness of the people reflects it; in Galway, friendliness is a need, a desire that demands expression. Every year about twenty thousand men leave Mayo to work in the fields in England, returning after the harvest to live the remainder of the year on the money. This practice is condemned by the home-loving neighbors, and by the people of the other counties who have not shared in the prosperity. "Sure, it's no way to be doing at all," a man said to me, "to be running off to England like that. Why wouldn't they stay home and work their own fields?"

In Mayo a farmer confessed to me that it was a poor country for farming. "There's no water in the ground," he said, "and it's always hot here, and the crops do be wretched. It's easier working in Galway, for all the stones lie so thick in the fields, and in Roscommon—well, Roscommon's the farming country for you."

Later, when I was in Roscommon, I told a man I met that I had admired the fine farm land he had. "It's better in Mayo," he said sadly. "In Mayo they don't have the swamps and the dampness we have here, and their crops are always good."

Claremorris and Roscommon are provincial little towns, filled with a consciousness of their own attainments; and after I had seen those two, and had travelled the last forty miles to Athlone, where English troops are quartered, and the streets are paved, and the railway has two tracks, I realized that I had crossed the indefinite boundary line of the West, and that there were no more of the simple good people, the like of whom, I suppose, I shall not find again anywhere in the world, who talk to a traveller as a guest, and make a home for him, even out on the roads, and under the sky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASHES OF LIFE

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

LOVE has gone and left me and the days are all alike;
Eat I must, and sleep I will,—and would that night were here!
But ah!—to lie awake and hear the slow hours strike!
Would that it were day again!—with twilight near!

Love has gone and left me and I don't know what to do;
This or that or what you will is all the same to me;
But all the things that I begin I leave before I'm through,—
There's little use in anything as far as I can see.

Love has gone and left me, and the neighbors knock and borrow,
And life goes on forever like the gnawing of a mouse,—
And to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
There's this little street and this little house.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WIDOW'S MITE

A Story for the Eclectic

CHARLES VALE

"IT requires a great deal of courage to remain a widow," she said, looking at him with unassumed nonchalance. It was not her habit to assume anything except infallibility and her costumes.

He bowed, with the courtly grace of a cadet and the elusive unassertiveness that Harvard alone can instil. She noticed the action and the atmosphere, and for a moment a strange light suffused her usually inscrutable eyes. It vanished as swiftly as a large income on Broadway.

"I should think," he said, in perfectly modulated tones, "that it was more difficult than courageous, in your case."

"Does it not need courage to conquer difficulties?" she queried, with the finished expression of a sophomore novelist.

He evaded the subtlety.

"Is my heart a difficulty?" he countered.

The implication was instantaneously obvious. After reflection, she realized this, and with exquisite skill changed the subject.

"What do you consider the most distinctive irreconcilabilities of Fielding, de Maupassant and Henry James?" she enquired, with the faintest soupçon of anxiety.

"Briefly," he returned, "I should say that Fielding cannot be reconciled with prudery, de Maupassant with padding, and James with punctuation. But, of course——" A restrained yet eloquent gesture completed the sentence.

"You did not quite understand my question," she said gently.

"Our first misunderstanding," he sighed.

They remained silent. The tension was relieved by both of them, simultaneously.

"I——"

"I——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He checked himself.

She paused.

"That is quite true," he assented, courteously.

She looked at him, wonderingly. The innate fineness of the man was almost painfully conspicuous. Deeply moved, she found her handkerchief and dropped it on the floor.

He recovered and restored it with the celerity and sang froid that indicated long but innocent experience.

"Tell me," she said suddenly—and a pink spot glowed in the centre of each cheek—"are you——?" She hesitated.

He faced the crisis calmly.

"I think so," he said. "But I cannot waive immunity."

He held his head erect, not inverted.

She pressed him. "You are quite sure that you have supplied the missing word correctly?"

"Do you question my intelligence?" he asked, with a smile. "Surely you remember that I played right end for my college?"

"But tell me, please!" she pleaded. "You think I meant—?"

"Exactly what you left unsaid."

It was evident that she was overwrought. Perhaps some cosmic urge swayed her. Perhaps not. Who can say?

"I must be convinced," she asserted, resolutely. "I will repeat my question. Please reply to it categorically—unless you have conscientious objections."

"Very well," he said. "I am prepared."

Stern self-repression was evidenced in his pose, and in hers.

"I would spare you if I could," she said. "But I cannot. Your whole past is at stake. You must tell me. Are you——"

He braced himself and stood without flinching.

"—pure?"

The word came distinctly, yet as if from a far distance.

He parried the blow.

"Do you mean in a Comstockian sense?" he asked.

She shuddered.

"No! In a common-sense sense."

"I *have* been," he said. His face seemed suddenly lined and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wan. "And you know," he added quietly, "we are what the past has made us. It is our destiny. We cannot escape from what has happened. Our only chance is in the future—always in the future. Yet, believe me, I am an optimist. The worst is always possible."

Serenity returned to him. Yet no man can pass often through such scenes and expect to remain unscathed. The scars may be unseen and unseeable: but, even so, he will carry them to the grave or the crematorium.

She rose and came to him.

"I cannot be your affinity," she said, her voice vibrant with self-challenging. "It is too early. Yet less than that would be unworthy of me, and more might be dangerous."

"I will not accept the status quo," he said steadily. "We have gone too far. We must go further."

His eyes sought hers; lingered; ceased to linger. In the distance a bird trilled: but they could not hear it. The sun moved to its setting. Adumbrations of profundity quivered in the air.

"Very well," she breathed at last: "I will give you everything—since you will not take less. Call again at nine."

He touched her fingers with his lips, and went out. It was the least that he could do. He could not possibly accept such a sacrifice. He was unworthy of her savoir faire. But he could not tell her. He must spare her that final blow. It was his privilege, as a mere man, to endure the pain alone.

The thought of what might have been was very bitter.

He lit a cigar.

It was all over.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

HORACE TRAUBEL

FEBRUARY 2, 1889

W. said: "I don't spend much of my time with regrets for anything: yet sometimes I regret that I never went to Europe: other times I regret that I never learned to read German and French. No doubt it's all just as well as it is: it all came about according to what they used to describe as 'the ordinances of God': there's no chance in it: maybe I'd have been modified if I had ever broken loose from my accustomed ways—become a traveller, become a linguist: that might have meant harm to the *Leaves:* my destiny seems to have been to live my whole life here in America without any untoward interruptions."

FEBRUARY 4, 1889

"Most doctors—though it may seem harsh to adopt the word, it stands to me as a fact—most doctors appear to reason that it belongs with the necessary ethics of their business to be more or less jesuitical—to obscure facts, the why of medicines, the wherefores of applications." I said: "The priest of medicine is just as objectionable as the priest in religion." W. said: "Exactly: that's the case in a nutshell." Then, after a pause, he said: "But we must be cautious in our criticisms: we should not be too general—too all-inclusive. There are doctors and doctors." I said: "There are doctors who are only doctors and doctors who are not only doctors: you like the doctors who are not only doctors: is that what you mean?" At once: "Yes: doctors, after all, seem of all professional men to be the most in accord with the givings-out of science: more in line with the new truth, new spirit: less given to professional dead-headery, foppery: more interested in fundamentals. In all the other professions men lag behind. The doctor is certainly better than the lawyer—oh! far better: the lawyer is buried deep in red-taperies, dead phraseologies, antique precedents: not in what is right now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but in what has been done before: a species of stagnation overcomes him. The doctors are way ahead—far beyond all that." I said: "Walt, shouldn't you rather say some lawyers and some doctors?" "What do you mean?" "Don't you think it true that doctors, too—probably most doctors—live in the past, in their antecedents, in what has been rather than what is to be done?" "You think I mistake the exception for the rule?" "I don't exactly say that: only you yourself are constantly drawing lines between doctors and doctors." I then asked: "You've said nothing about the parsons: where do you put them?" He put on a mock air of gravity. "I wish it was different: I have to say it: I think they come in at the tail of the procession: they bring up the rear." And he didn't stop there. "And the ministers are practically done for," he said: "the stars in their courses are against them: however they struggle, whatever front they maintain, the universe is against their impossible explications: their methods have passed out for good." Here he laughed gaily. "I have a couple of friends, old men, who don't think so, or don't think them harmless—who argue that we are all in danger of being gobbled up by Catholicism—that the Catholic Church is the great menace against our civilization." W. couldn't "stomach this bosh." "I remember one of them: it was a year ago and more, while I was still down stairs: he asked me if I was not afraid, if I didn't see the danger—shrink from it. I replied: 'No, not in the least: I am not in the least afraid of it.' But he still believes it: he says I am criminally optimistic—that the time is near at hand when our neglect to appreciate this crisis may destroy us. Don't think he's a fool: he's not: he's gone on this subject but sane enough on the whole." W. added: "For the Church as an institution I have the profoundest contempt: I know what the Church as an institution, Catholic or Protestant, would do with us if it possessed the power: my point is that it hasn't, will never again have, the power."

* * *

W. said: "What about Weir Mitchell? He seems to be home again: he gives a swell dinner to-night to Lowell: I did not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know he was back: his sons came here a number of times in the summer." I asked: "Were you invited to that dinner?" He laughed outright. "What! to a dinner to James Russell? I guess not. My presence would spoil the soup." W. also said: "Weir puts on some of the lingo of authorship: does more or less in a small way: stands for refinements, proprieties, the code, all that: he seems to be more ambitious for fame as a writer than as a doctor, but I have my doubts whether he'll acquire an immortality in either direction." I asked: "He is your friend?" "Yes, I think so: I like him: he is cordial, easy-going, demonstrative: I realize emotions for him as a man that I do not realize for him as an author." I said: "I suspect Mitchell might repeat the sentence back to you. I doubt if he ranks you high as an artist." W. said without any hesitation: "I doubt it myself: indeed, I know it: know it, not because of what he has but because of what he has not said."

* * *

FEBRUARY 5, 1889

W. asked me: "What's the speech about to-night?" I was to speak in Philadelphia. "Idealism," I said. "That's almost too much of a mouthful for one speech," he said: "I tackle big themes myself, but I'm always afraid of them." I quoted one of my sentences: "There are linear and atmospheric philosophers." W. said: "There are indeed: that's a fair way to express it. A splendid somebody—who was it? I don't remember—went to see Carlyle, or Carlyle went to see him. Carlyle asked: 'What is your system?' The man replied sharply at once: 'System? I have no system: I just live.' That always seemed to me very deep—unplummeted. Carlyle was delighted with it."

FEBRUARY 6, 1889

W. said: "Slang is too stubborn a subject to answer the beck and call of every incidental scribbler." I spoke of it as "the beginnings of language." W. said: "It is more that than people generally imagine: but all slang is not equally good: there are slang words, phrases, which carry no meaning with them—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of which a meaning cannot even by investigation be extracted. I could instance cases. The other day I hit upon the expression, 'in the soup': I could not make a meaning for it or out of it." I said a man drunk was described as "full of soup." W. said: "That's better: I get more out of that." Then he added: "In the old days—maybe still, but in the old days—down in the Bowery there was much slang. It was all sorts: derived from all tongues and no tongue: the French call it *argot, patois*—we call it *slang*. There were many fine examples of it current, particularly among the theatrical people, the actors: argot." He half remembered one of their words—"a very common, often-used word." His memory wouldn't work. "I knew it well: it was a word signifying a hit, a take, a fetch—as when an actor had made a point, was applauded, brought down the house, as we say." W. smiled: "Not getting that word tantalizes me: I've got plenty of words: but where is *the* word?" He said "clever" was a word much in use among actors "long ago as well as to-day," "but that is a legitimate word"—"has its authenticated papa and mama," I said. "It carries its own lexicographical origin with it: a clean fellow—able, equal to emergencies, with some initiative. You hear that word very often if you loaf in New England farming places; they use it, the farmers use it, to indicate honesty, straight-forwardness, amiability—a sort of all round social man according to the ideals generally accepted." The argot in New York "has the most curious ramifications." "No roundaboutness—everything direct. Take a case: counterfeit money: a fellow wants to pass it: he uses every word through a substitute: he doesn't 'pass' it—he 'shoves' it: it is not 'counterfeit': it is 'queer': he therefore 'shoves the queer.' That is *argot*. Strange to say *argot* found it hard to get into the lingo of the soldier class. The average soldier in the War was from the back-country: honest, honorable, totally illiterate, of good instincts, hearty, friendly to a degree: he took slowly—very slowly—to the slanginess so common almost everywhere else." But finally "it crept in even there." The boys got so "they demanded a vocabulary that could be called their own."

Talking of the army brought out another matter. "There were three classes who served nobly during the War to whom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justice has never been done—the telegraph boys, the cadet physicians, the nurses in the hospitals. Some day somebody will write all that down circumstantially. The trouble is that it looks now as if the thing would be delayed till all the actors are dead. The telegraph boys were a remarkable body: picked up here and there—often waifs, mechanics, sometimes boys of well-to-do families: they were wonderfully sharp-witted—distinguished so, as a body: alert, active, bright, noble, industrious, temperate." W. had "met hundreds of them: there were hundreds, thousands," and he thought "perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole case" was the fact that "though they lived at the very heart of affairs there in the army and were necessarily admitted to confidences, secrecies, of almost unparalleled character," there had "never been one—not one—who had violated the faith of the service." This should "be emphasized above all else" in the story. "Indeed, if I should write of this, I should say what I have so often said before—always insisted upon: that this loyalty penetrated the whole service, top to bottom—every man in it: as I have put it of the Presidents—every man, whatever may have been his antecedents, whatever he had been before—what his origins, associations—the instant he takes the presidential chair does his damnedest best, his damnedest best, to justify those who elevated him to the office. I believe this even of Andy Johnson—in many respects the least likable of the lot: I was near him: my position in the Attorney General's Office placed me in almost daily contact with those who were close to him: even Johnson went according to his light, though his light flickered enough and was often near to going out, to be sure. As with the Presidents, so with all."

* * *

FEBRUARY 7, 1889

"I met much that instructed me profoundly on that point [procrastination] during the War—among the soldiers, the generals. When something of a major character was to be done—something prompt, decisive, resolute—it was Sheridan they summoned, the Sheridans, the man who sort of recreated circumstances—not McClellan, the McClellans, the inert." I said:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And an awful exposure of McClellan it is in that last issue of *The Century*." He said instantly: "Indeed it is awful: but every word of it is true—not a word of it is unjust: I have long felt what is said, proven, there: felt it at the time: it seems more and more confirmed. In all our history, in all the history of these times, indeed of any time, I never knew a man intrusted with as great responsibilities, opportunities, who was as inert—dead, dead, with inertia." Then he cried: "Oh! I think there is no more important, valuable, necessary, class of men than the men who are under all conditions, all shifts of weather, all play of incident, unbaffled, undeviating, irrevocable."

FEBRUARY 8, 1889

Return to Carlyle: discussion of his status. I was warm pro. "We must take the balance of quality in a man." W. acknowledged. "All that is to be said: I think it is only right to allow for all that—to take it into account, give it a large margin. But that was not all: there was a local flavor in Carlyle—a flavor of bitterness that was not wholesome, not generous. I should say that something in the same vein is found in our own Dick Stoddard—in his assaults on Poe, others." I protested: "But Carlyle makes up grandly for all this: he has another side." He admitted it. "That is true—and Stoddard has not." Pausing. "Indeed no one would be more ready to stick up for that than I. Carlyle refrained from assaulting Burns—forgave his peccadilloes." W. further: "I do not know why: Burns was not Carlyle's man: Carlyle probably overlooked the sins because Burns was a Scotsman." If that was so how can we account for his defence of Byron? "Did he ever defend Byron? I did not know it." I quoted Froude—that Carlyle would freely criticise Byron himself but not allow it from others. W. said: "That is good to hear. Strangely, too, my own attitude towards Carlyle has always been the same. Mary Costelloe—Mary Smith—would often say: 'You won't hear anything said against Carlyle, will you?' It was a day in the city there: everybody was against Carlyle: there at Smith's, everybody: I stormed like the devil: I would not have it." I asked him if he didn't think the Carlyles necessary at certain periods? "Yes: I would not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deny that—would stoutly defend it in fact." But then he amusedly added: "Carlyle was a great bear, too: hard to live with: not essentially a fraternal spirit." I quoted Warden Brush as saying to Chadwick of the Sing Sing prisoners: "They sustain my faith in human nature. They are a big-hearted set: very kind to one another." W. visibly touched. "Yes, yes: I am very amenable to that side—very amenable to the story, the appeal."

FEBRUARY 9, 1889

"It has always been a puzzle to me why people think that because I wrote *Children of Adam, Leaves of Grass,* I must perforce be interested in all the literature of rape, all the pornography of vile minds. I have not only been made a target by those who despised me but a victim of violent interpretation by those who condoned me. You know the sort of stuff that's sent to me here."

FEBRUARY 10, 1889

"The trouble is that writers are too literary—too damned literary. There has grown up—Swinburne I think is an apostle of it—the doctrine (you have heard of it? it is dinned everywhere), art for art's sake: think of it—art for art's sake. Let a man really accept—let that really be his ruling thought—and he is lost." I suggested: "If we say politics for politics' sake they get mad." W.: "So they do: that is very good: it's true: politics for politics' sake, church for church's sake, talk for talk's sake, government for government's sake: state it any way you choose, it becomes offensive: it's all out of the same pit. Instead of regarding literature as only a weapon, an instrument, in the service of something larger than itself, it looks upon itself as an end—as a fact to be finally worshipped, adored. To me that's all a horrible blasphemy—a bad-smelling apostasy."

* * *

"What do you think of this?" he asked, handing me a big portrait indorsed "John Addington Symonds, 1889—to Walt Whitman." He said: "Don't you think our fellows will have to look to their laurels when we get such work as this from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abroad—from Switzerland? Look at that: we can't beat it: we have bragged some—and there was some reason for it: but here these other people come along with a challenge. It only goes to show how things go round the earth—talents, trades, everything: how what one has another gets: we are getting so close together the world over no one can have any secrets from the rest." W. saw "an Emersonian something or other" in the brow and eyes of Symonds. Then he asked me: "Do you remember Gilder—Watson Gilder? Well—this is in Gilder's style—Symonds and Gilder have some look in common." But he added: "Symonds is the profounder, subtler man by far." "Taking Symonds' knowledge of Greek literature, life and what he knows of the Italians four or five centuries ago, I don't think his equal can be found in modern criticism—never has been, in fact, so far."

* * *

FEBRUARY 11, 1889

Talked of young Emperor William. "I find I can't think of him patiently: he rubs my fur the wrong way: I had great hopes of his father: they may have been based on nothing, but I had them: but this boy only excites my distrust. I never cease wondering how a people so enlightened as the Germans can tolerate the king, emperor, business anyway. The Hohenzollerns are a diseased mess, taking them all in all: there seems to be a corrupt physical strain in the family: what does it come from? can it be syphilis?" He was silent for a while. Resumed: "I am aware that that is often said of Frederick: it is the pet theory of doctors—their staple explanation: but the question is, is it true? how much of it can be true? I am not easily convinced in such matters: I call for absolute testimony—and that no one outside has got in this case. Doctors put all the iniquities of courts, palaces, high society, down at this door—but do they belong there? I listen to the stories—yet am not convinced: I am not willing to contradict them or ready to acquiesce."

FEBRUARY 15, 1889

"I do not worry: I determine not to worry—let come what may come. Resignation, I may call it: peace in spite of fate." I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broke in: "Peace at any price?" Laughed. "Almost that: what the religious people call resignation: the feeling that whatever comes is just the thing that ought to come—ought to be welcomed." But this element in him "is not explained" by his "occidental origins." His vision drew him into the past. "Somewhere, back, back, thousands of years ago, in my fathers, mothers, there must have been an oriental strain, element, introduced—a dreamy languor, calm, content: the germ, seed of it, somehow—of this quality which now turns up in me, to my benefit, salvation." Had this anything to do with fatalism? the Mohammedan temperament? "No: it antedates all that: we find it in Hindustan, Palestine, all over the East: rich, suffused with the glow of peace: in nations of men: before what we call civilization."

* * *

"That is what I wanted the book to be: to stand for in some sense, to testify to, the multifariousness of the universe—to include, combine, celebrate, all: all: not the least jot missed: not the mouthpiece of classes, select cliques, parts, details—the choiceries of literature: no: but all, all: to utter the bad as well as the good—to participate in the common, the outcast, along with the high, the elect: to see care, oversight, everywhere: the divine working through it all: never an ending of intention: the purpose vital, evident, inveterate, to the end."

Added: "There are still several more copies I should like to send to New York"—and after another pause: "One to Andrew Carnegie, I think." I may have looked dubious as to this. W. took it up. "He has been very kind to me—has helped me, tried to further me. I remember that once he wrote me almost a fulsome letter: full of warm words, thoughts." I must have still worn a doubtful aspect. "More than that, at the New York lecture, in 1887, he paid three hundred and fifty dollars for his seat—more than all the rest put together." I said: "But he has more money than all the rest put together fifty or a hundred times over." "Damn your logical brain!" But he said: "It is significant that his help was unsolicited: he volunteered: nobody, so I understand it, said a word to him by way of appeal. There were many men present of very large incomes—of im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mense, princely, fortunes." I asked W.: "Why do you specify them? what do you care about them?" "Does it sound suspicious for me to pick them out?" "Yes—a little: I'd rather you didn't." W. said sharply: "You're quite a detective." I owned up to my suspicions of Carnegie. "I don't like the kind of quarrels he has with working-men." "Oh! that's the idea, is it?" W. persisted for C. Asked me: "Hasn't he got partners?" "Yes." "Well—all those partners must have specified, particularized, defined duties: much that is done by one may not be known about by the others: no doubt Carnegie stands apart from, does not realize, most that goes on." And at any rate "Carnegie showed himself so warm, generous, lavish, towards me, I must recognize it, would recognize it in anyone, notwithstanding your working-men." I said: "Walt, that sounds like treason: the knowledge of what he did for you is one thing—the consciousness of what he or his partners did with their working-men is another thing. I don't think his generosity to you or any individual makes up for his greed as towards the people from whom he derives all his money." "There is your logical faculty buzzing again: you're unbearable when you get going on that tack." He stopped. I waited wondering if he wouldn't say more. "Though when you put it that way, Horace, I acknowledge that you shake me a little."

FEBRUARY 16, 1889

W. got reminiscing. "Years and years and years ago Emerson spoke in an anti-slavery course in New York: he was the last in the course: read his essay on Slavery: I remember it very well: how, after he had finished the talk, had gathered the sheets of his manuscript together, so"—indicating, throwing his head aside, his voice emotional and powerful—"he asked in his deliberate way: 'Slavery? and why do I speak of slavery? what right have I to speak of slavery? are we not *all* slaves!' and then said no more; passed off the stage." Harned exclaimed: "How dramatic and beautiful!" W. said fervently: "It was, Tom: it was: oh! I think I did not then realize how profound that was coming at such a moment applied to such a situation: how very simple, yet also how very subtle, it was. You must take it along

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his wonderful composure, the sweetness of his demeanor: I myself was stirred to the bottom by it: I said to myself: 'You, man, are the vastest of us all!'" Then W. also said: "He was vast: that's the word for him: he was so spacious he welcomed, accommodated, everything: yes, and we are all, all of us, slaves!"

FEBRUARY 17, 1889

"You know, Horace, none of us put Emerson where he belonged in those early years—none of us, not one: indeed, I think that not till the late years, the very latest, of his life did we commence to realize his grand build—how vast his leisure really had to be. We knew he was great: we realized that there was something above the usual in his whole port—spiritual, physical: but for the rest, we were blind."

FEBRUARY 23, 1889

W.: "Though I don't care much for the dialect writers myself I acknowledged their validity, value, pertinence: that some of them are remarkably gifted: they indicate, stand for, exemplify, an important phase in our literary development." He had particularly in mind one of Bret Harte's "lesser quoted" poems. "It is mighty fine. I have regarded it as his most eminently splendid bit of work: what the locomotive from the Pacific says to the locomotive from the Atlantic when they meet: have you read that? Oh! it's capital: it's a perfect creation." Had he any objections to *The Outcasts of Poker Flat?* "Not a single objection: I like it—more than like it: all of it." Where did he rank Bret Harte? "I hardly know what to say to that." Above Mark Twain? "The English have taken to Harte: they seem to understand him." What was his idea of Mark Twain? "I think he mainly misses fire: I think his life misses fire: he might have been something: but he never arrives."

FEBRUARY 25, 1889

W. said: "I have been thinking of what Rossetti said in that letter about titled people—about being a republican: the earth will be covered with republics by and by." I put in: "or communes." He didn't object. "They may be the same thing,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he said. I asked him if he thought the government development of the world would end with the republican form? "I don't say that at all: how could I see so far?" "Well—what of the anarchistic idea—no government at all?" He gave me a question for my question. "How can it be done? is there a way it can be done?" "The anarchists say so." He shook his head: "I know they do: but can it be done?"

I heard a lecture by Tom Davidson yesterday. W. questioned me. Listened. Finally he said: "Yes: I can see what Davidson was after: I, too, respect science—the scientific point of view—surely the scientific spirit: but I do not feel myself to be ready to say that I go with it wholly, unmitigatingly, for I do not. I can see what science sees—what it says can be seen; but there is much beyond that: I see that too." I said: "I'd like to hear you say more about that, Walt." He went on, I could see rather because of his own impulse than of my suggestion. "I should be inclined to say the supreme value, the highest service, science is rendering to thought to-day, in our world, is in clearing the way, pioneering, opening roads: untilling, in fact, some things instead of tilling them: sweeping away, destroying, burning, the underbrush. Oh! think of what it has done in untilling alone—what a precious force it has exerted in untilling! Take the instance of what is called the theological, what people call the religious world—the world of belief, so-called: think of it: of what it has swept away there: the slag, the waste, the filth: the loathsome prisons, bitterness, barbarisms! Even to-day its task is not done: see how much lingers still in some places: the cruel anathema not only of words but of deeds: how the traditions are still harped on, made much of, in pulpits—even in the press: how they threaten, slander, browbeat."

FEBRUARY 26, 1889

"Horace, we are all under the thumb of the millionaires: ours is a millionaire government, without a doubt." "Aren't all modern governments millionaire governments?" "I suppose they are or are getting to be." Then he added: "And I do not know that I complain: the millionaires must have their innings,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too: that is a phase we are going through—can't skip." I asked: "Then you don't think we'll always have millionaire governments?" He answered quickly: "You don't need to ask me such a question: the people, who are now asleep, will yet wake up." I said: "Sometimes you quarrel with the people who try to wake them up: you call them doctrinaires and partisans." "Do I?" "You certainly do: yet you are a fierce doctrinaire and partisan in your own way." He said he wasn't "inclined to dispute" me. But how did I make that out? "No one is more stubborn for what he considers the truth than you are. That's all the other fellows are: stubborn for the truth as they see it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FRAGMENT

LAURA CAMPBELL

I STAND in a rain-drenched garden, motionless;
Large, soft shapes of the dusk loom here, loom there;
Tall asters, swaying and white, lean to my limbs,
And low, wet grasses reach for my ankles bare.

Black branches are waving above me, soundlessly;
An odor of mellowing fruit is in the air;
I look on a low, dark house, on a glimmering light,
On the shadow of one who moves slow in a window-square;

Who pauses, is still, who is listening with low-bent head—
Something stirs like a breath through the quiet night,
Stirs like a breath—there's a swift, long gleam on the grass—
What is it that stirs like a breath through the quiet night?

I stand in a rain-drenched garden, motionless;
How whitely the asters sway! How strangely I peer
Through the shapes of the dusk at the shadow—who is it that's listening there?
I stand in a rain-drenched garden. . . . *Where is it? How came I here?*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOSTOIEVSKY AND TOLSTOY

JAMES HUNEKER

IN his *Criticism and Fiction,* Mr. Howells wrote: "It used to be one of the disadvantages of the practice of romance in America, which Hawthorne more or less whimsically lamented, that there were few shadows and inequalities in our broad level of prosperity; and it is one of the reflections suggested by Dostoievsky's novel, *The Crime and the Punishment,* that whoever struck a note so profoundly tragic in American fiction would do a false and mistaken thing—as false and as mistaken in its way as dealing in American fiction with certain nudities which the Latin peoples seem to find edifying."

Who cares nowadays for the classifications of idealist, realist, romanticist, psychologist, symbolist, and the rest of the phrases, which are only so much superfluous baggage for literary camp followers? All great romancers are realists, and the converse may be true. You note it in Dumas and his gorgeous, clattering tales—improbable, but told in terms of the real. For my part, I often find them too real, with their lusty wenches and their heroes smelling of the slaughterhouse. Turn now to Flaubert, master of all the moderns; you may trace the romancer dear to the heart of Hugo, or the psychologist in *Madame Bovary,* the archæological novel in *Salammbô,* or cold grey realism, as in *L'Éducation Sentimentale,* while his very style, with its sumptuous verbal echoes, its resonant rhythmic periods—is not all this the beginnings of that symbolism carried to such lengths by Verlaine and his followers? Shakespeare himself ranged from gross naturalism to the quiring of cherubim.

Walter Scott was a master realist, if you forget his old-fashioned operatic scenery and costumes. It is to Jane Austen we must go for the realism admired of Mr. Howells, and justly. Her work is all of a piece. The Russians are realists, but with a difference; and that deviation forms the school. Taking Gogol as the norm of modern Russian fiction—Leo Wiener's admirable anthology surprises with its specimens of earlier men—we see the novel strained through the rich, mystic imagination of Dos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toievsky; viewed through the more equable, artistic and also pessimistic temperament of Turgenev, until it is seized by Leo Tolstoy, a giant in power, and passionately transformed to serve his own purposes. Realism? Yes, such as the world has never before seen, and yet at times as idealistic as Shelley. It is not surprising that John M. Robertson wrote, as far back as 1891: "In that strange country where brute power seems to be throttling all the highest life of the people . . . . there yet seems to be no cessation in the production of truthful literary art. . . . For justice of perception, soundness and purity of taste, and skill of workmanship, we in England, with all our freedom, can offer no parallel."

Perhaps "freedom" is the reason.

And what did this critic say of the *De Profundis* of Maxim Gorky? Are there still darker depths to be explored? Little wonder he calls Kipling's "the art of a great talent with a cheap culture and a flashy environment." Therefore, to talk of such distinctions as realism and romance is sheer waste of time. It is but a recrudescence of the old classic *v.* romantic conflict. Stendhal has said that a classicist was a dead romanticist. It still holds good. But here in America, "the colorless shadowland of fiction," is there no tragedy in Gilead for souls not supine! Some years ago James Lane Allen, who cannot be accused of any hankerings after the fleshpots of Zola, made an energetic protest against what he denominated the "feminine principle" in our fiction. He did not mean the books written by women—in sooth, they are for the most part boiling over with the joy of life—but he meant the feminism of so much of our novel writing put forth by men.

The censor in Russia by his very stringency has caused a great fictional literature to blossom, despite his forbidding blue pencil. In America the sentiment of the etiolated, the brainless, the prudish, the hypocrite, is the censor. (Though something might be said about the pendulum swinging too far in the opposite direction, at the present time.) Not that Mr. Howells is straitlaced, prudish, narrow in his views—but he puts his foot down on the expression of the tragic, the unusual, the emotional. With him, charming artist, it is a matter of temperament. He admires with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a latitude quite foreign to English-speaking critics such diverse geniuses as Flaubert, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Galdos, Jane Austen, Emilia Pardo Bázan—Mathilde Serao, greater than any modern woman writer of fiction—Henry James and George Moore. But he admires each on his or her native heath. That their particular methods might be given universal application he does not admit. And when he wrote the above about Dostoievsky, New York was not inhabited by so many Russians and Poles and people from south-eastern Europe as it is now. Dostoievsky, if he were alive, would find plenty of material, tragedy and comedy alike, on our East Side.

The new translation of Dostoievsky in English by Constance Garnett is significant. A few years ago *Crime and Punishment* was the only one of his works well known. Now *The Possessed,* that extraordinary study of souls obsessed by madness and crime, *The Brothers Karamazov, The House of the Dead,* and *The Idiot* are in the hands of American readers, who indorse what Nietzsche said of the Russian master: "This profound man . . . has perceived that Siberian convicts, with whom he lived for a long time (capital criminals for whom there was no return to society), were persons carved out of the best, the hardest and the most valuable material to be found in the Russian dominions. . . . Dostoievsky is the only psychologist from whom I had anything to learn."

And in the letters exchanged between Nietzsche and Dr. Georg Brandes, the latter writes of Dostoievsky after the Danish critic's visit to Russia: "He is a great poet, but a detestable fellow, altogether Christian in his emotions, and quite *sadique* at the same time. All his morality is what you have christened 'Slaves' morality. . . . Look at Dostoievsky's face: half the face of a Russian peasant, half the physiognomy of a criminal, flat nose, little penetrating eyes, under lids trembling with nervousness, the forehead large and well-shaped, the expressive mouth telling of tortures without count, of unfathomable melancholy, of morbid desires, endless compassion, passionate envy. An epileptic genius whose very exterior speaks of the stream of mildness that fills his heart, of the wave of almost insane perspicuity that gets into his head, finally the ambition, the great-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of endeavor, and the envy that small-mindedness begets. . . . His heroes are not only poor and crave sympathy, but are half imbeciles, sensitive creatures, noble drabs, often victims of hallucinations, talented epileptics, enthusiastic seekers after martyrdom, the very types that we are compelled to suppose probable among the apostles and disciples of the early Christian era. Certainly no mind stands further removed from the Renaissance."

Of all Dostoievsky's portraits, that of Nastasia Philipovna in *The Idiot* is the most lifelike and astounding. The career of this half-mad girl is sinister and tragic; she is half-sister in her temperamental traits to Paulina in the same master's admirable story *The Gambler*. Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov* is another woman of the dæmoniac type to which Nastasia belongs. Then there are high-spirited, hysterical girls, such as Katarina in the *Karamazov,* Aglaia Epanchin in *The Idiot,* Liza in *The Possessed* (*Besi*). The borderland of puberty is a favorite theme with the Russian writer. And the splendidly fierce old women, mothers, aunts, grandmothers ("Granny" in *The Gambler* is a full-length portrait worthy of Hogarth) and befuddled old men—retired from service in state and army; Dostoievsky is a masterly painter of drunkards, drabs and neuropaths. Prince Mushkin (or Myshkin), the semi-idiot in *The Idiot,* is depicted with surpassing charm. He is half-cracked and an epileptic, but is one of the most lovable young men in fiction. Thinking of him, you recall what Nietzsche wrote of Christ: "One regrets that a Dostoievsky did not live in the neighborhood of this most interesting decadent; I mean some one who knew just how to perceive the thrilling charm of such a mixture of the sublime, the sickly and the childish." Here is a moral landscape of "the dark Russian soul" and an exemplification in the Prince Myshkin of *The Idiot,* who is evidently an attempt to portray a latter-day Christ.

Rasnolikov, in *Crime and Punishment,* like Rogozhin in *The Idiot,* Stavrogin in *The Possessed,* were supermen before Nietzsche. But half-mad. A famous alienist has declared that three-fourths of Dostoievsky's characters are quite mad. This is an exaggeration, but there are many about whom the aura of mad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness and melancholy hovers. Dostoievsky himself was epileptic; poverty and epilepsy were his companions through a life crowded with unhappiness. (Born 1822, died 1881.) He was four years in Siberia, condemned, though innocent, as a member of the Pétrachavsky group. He tells us that the experience calmed his nerves. His recollections of his Dead House are harrowing and make the literature of prison life, whether written by Hugo, Zola, Tolstoy or others, like the literary exercise of an amateur. It is this sense of reality, of life growing like grass over one's head, that renders the novels of Dostoievsky "human documents." Calling himself a "proletarian of letters," this tender-hearted man denied being a psychologist—which preëminently he was: "They call me a psychologist; it is not true. I am only a realist in the highest sense of the word, i. e., I depict all the soul's depths." If he has shown us the soul of the madman, drunkard, libertine, the street-walker, he has also exposed the psychology of the gambler.

He knew. He was a desperate gambler, and in Baden actually starved in company with his wife. These experiences may be found depicted in *The Gambler*. He has been called the Bossuet of the "détraqués," but I prefer that other and more appropriate title, the Dante of the North. His novels are infernos. How well Nietzsche studied him; they were fellow-spirits in suffering. All Dostoievsky is in his phrase, "There are no ugly women"—put in the mouth of the senile, debauched Karamazov, a companion portrait to Balzac's Baron Hulot. His love for women has a pathological cast. His young girls discuss unpleasant matters. Even Frank Wedekind was anticipated in his *Spring's Awakening* by the Russian in *The Brothers Karamazov:* "How can Katarina have a baby if she isn't married?" cries one of the youngsters, a question which is the very nub and motive power of the Wedekind play. Or "Two parallel lines may meet in eternity," which sounds like Ibsen's query: "Two and two may make five on the planet Jupiter." He was deeply pious, nevertheless a questioner. His books are full of theological wranglings. Consider the "prose-poem" of the Grand Inquisitor and the second coming of Christ. Or such an idea as the "craving for community of worship is the chief misery

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of man, of all humanity from the beginning of time." We recognize Nietzsche in Dostoievsky's "the old morality of the old slave man," and a genuine poet in "the secret of the earth mingles with the mystery of the stars." His naïve conception of eternity as "a chamber something like a bathhouse, long neglected, and with spider-webs in its corners" reminds us of Nietzsche when he describes his doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence. The Russian has told us in memorable phrases of the blinding, intense happiness, a cerebral spasm, which lasts for the fraction of a second at the beginning of an epileptic attack. For it he declares, for that brief moment, during which paradise is disclosed, he would sacrifice a lifetime. Little wonder that in the interim of a cold, grey, miserable existence he suffered from what he calls "mystic fear," the fear of fear, such as Maeterlinck shows us in *The Intruder*. As for the socialists, he says their motto is: "Don't dare to believe in God, don't dare to have property, fraternity or death, two millions of heads!"

The foundational theme of his work is an overwhelming love for mankind, a plea for solidarity which too often degenerates into sickly sentimentalism. He imitated Dickens, George Sand and Victor Hugo—the Hugo of *Les Misérables*. He hated Turgenev and caricatured him in *The Possessed*. It is true that in dialogue he has never had a superior; his men and women talk as they would talk in life and only in special instances are mouthpieces for the author's ideas—in this quite different from so many of Tolstoy's characters. Merejkowsky has said without fear of contradiction that Dostoievsky is like the great dramatists of antiquity in his "art of gradual tension, accumulation, increase and alarming concentration of dramatic action." His books are veritably tragic. In Russian music alone may be found a parallel for his poignant pathos and gloomy imaginings and shuddering climaxes. What is more wonderful than Chapter I of *The Idiot*, with its adumbration of the entire plot and characterization of the book, or Chapter XV and its dramatic surprises?

His cardinal doctrine of non-resistance is illustrated in a little-known anecdote. One evening, while he was walking in St. Petersburg, evidently in meditation, a beggar asked him for alms. Dostoievsky did not answer; enraged by his apparent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indifference, the man gave him such a violent blow that he was knocked off his legs. On arising he picked up his hat, dusted his clothes and walked away; but a policeman who saw the attack came running toward the beggar and took him to the lock-up. Despite his protest, Dostoievsky accompanied them. He refused to make a charge, for he argued that he was not sure the prisoner was the culpable one; it was dark and he had not seen his face. Besides, he might have been sick in his mind; only a sick person would attack in such a manner. "Sick!" cried the examining magistrate, "that drunken, good-for-nothing, sick! A little rest in jail would do him good." "You are wrong," contradicted the accused, "I am not drunk but hungry. When a man has eaten he doesn't believe that another is starving." "True," answered Dostoievsky, "this poor chap was crazy with hunger. I shan't make a complaint." Nevertheless the ruffian was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Dostoievsky gave him three rubles before he left. Now this kind man was, strange as it may seem, an anti-Semite. His diary revealed the fact after his death. In life he kept this prejudice to himself.

II

Thanks to Count Melchoir de Vogüé, who introduced Tolstoy to the French in his *Le Roman Russe* (containing studies of Poushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoievsky), literary Paris was for a long time saturated in Russian Mysticism, and what the clear-headed Alphonse Daudet called "Russian pity." It was Count de Vogüé, member of the Academy and Neo-Catholic (as the group headed by Ernest Lavisse elected to style itself), who compressed all Tolstoy in an epigram as having "the mind of an English chemist in the soul of an Indian Buddhist" ("On dirait l'esprit d'un chimiste anglais dans l'âme d'un buddhiste hindou").

The modulation of a soul, at first stagnant, then plunged into the gulf of hopelessness, and at last catching a glimpse of light, is most clearly expressed by Leo Nikolaievitch in his *Resurrection*. That by throwing yourself again into the mire you may atone for early transgressions—the muddy sins of your youth—is one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those deadly ideas born in the crazed brain of an East Indian jungle-haunting fanatic. It possibly grew out of the barbarous custom of blood sacrifices. Waiving the tales told of his insincerity by Frau Anna Seuron, we know that Tolstoy wrestled with the five thousand devils of doubt and despair, and found light, *his* light, in a most peculiar fashion. But he is often the victim of his own illusions. That, Vogüé, a great admirer, pointed out some years ago. Turgenev understood Tolstoy; so did Dostoievsky, and so does latterly the novelist, Dmitri Merejkowsky.

Turgenev's appeal to Tolstoy is become historic, and all the more pathetic because written on the eve of his death.

"Dear and beloved Leo Nikolaievitch: I have not written to you for a long time, for I lie on my death-bed. I cannot get well; that is not to be thought of. But I write in order to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary, and to make my last earnest request. My friend, return to literary work. This talent of yours has come from where all else comes. Oh, how happy I should be could I believe that my entreaty would prevail with you! My friend, our great national writer, grant my request." This may be found, if we remember aright, in the Halperine-Kaminsky memoir.

Turgenev, who was the greater artist of the pair, knew that Tolstoy was on the wrong path with his crack-brained religious and social notions; knew that in his becoming the writer of illogical tracts and pamphlets, Russia was losing a great artist. What would he have said if he had lived to read the sad recantation and artistic suicide of Tolstoy: "I consign my own artistic productions to the category of bad art, except the story *God Sees the Truth,* which seeks a place in the first class, and *The Prisoner of the Caucasus,* which belongs to the second." *Also sprach Tolstoy* in that madman's book called *What is Art?,* a work wherein he tried to outvie Nordau in his insane abuse of beautiful art.

The *Ninth Symphony* of Beethoven, *Hamlet, Macbeth,* Dante, and Goethe, are all consigned to the limbo of bad art; bad because not "understanded of the people." The peasant, the moujik, is the criterion of art, an art which should be a cross between fireworks and the sign-writing of the Aztecs. Vogüé

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declared that Tolstoy had, like an intrepid explorer, leaped into an abysm of philosophical contradictions. Even the moderate Faguet becomes enraged at the puerilities of the Russian. He wrote: "Tolstoy, comme créateur, comme romancier, comme poète épique, pour mieux dire, est un des quatre ou cinq plus grands génies de notre siècle. Comme penseur, il est un des faibles esprits de l'Europe."

Not all that, replies Remy de Gourmont; Tolstoy may be wildly mistaken, but he is never weak-minded. We think it is his strength, his intensity that sends him caracolling on a dozen different roads in search of salvation.

How a man lacking the critical faculty may be misled is to be seen in *What is Art?* To master his subject, the deluded novelist read all the essays, disquisitions and works he could find on the theme of æsthetics. This as a preparation for clear thinking! It reminds one of that comical artist, Pellerin, in Flaubert's *L'Éducation Sentimentale,* who devoured all the æsthetic treatises, ancient and modern, in search of a true theory of the Beautiful, before he painted a picture; and he had so thoroughly absorbed the methods of various painters that he could not sit down at his easel in the presence of his model without asking himself: "Shall I 'do' her *à la* Gainsborough, or, better still, in the romantic and mysterious manner of M. Delacroix, with fierce sunsets, melting moons, guitars, bloodshed, balconies and the cries of them that are assassinated for the love of love?"

Tolstoy reaches, after many hundred pages of his essay, the astounding "original" theory that art "is to establish brotherly union among men," which was better said by Aristotle, and probably first heard by him as a Socratic pearl of wisdom. It has remained for Merejkowsky to set right the Western world in its estimate of Tolstoy as man and artist. In his startling study the facts in the case are laid bare by a skilled, impartial hand. What he writes is well known among Russians; it may shock English-speaking worshippers, who do not accept Tolstoy as a great artist, but as the prophet of a new dispensation—and it may be said, without beating about the bush, he rather liked the niche in which he was placed by these uncritical zealots.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fate of the engineer hoist by his own petard is Tolstoy's. The peasants of his country understand him as little as they understand Beethoven, that Beethoven he so bitterly, so unjustly assailed in *The Kreutzer Sonata.* (Poor Beethoven. Why did not Tolstoy select *Tristan and Isolde* if he wished some fleshly music, some "sensualistic caterwauling," as Huxley phrased it? But a melodious violin and piano sonata!) Tolstoy may go barefoot, dig for potatoes, wear his blouse hanging outside, but the peasantry will never accept him as one of their own. He has written volumes about "going to the people," and the people do not want him, do not comprehend him. And that is Tolstoy's tragedy, as it was the tragedy of Walt Whitman.

Good old Walt sang of his *camerados,* the ferry men, brakemen, butchers, bakers, sailors, soldiers and candlestick makers. He associated with them—and they never read him! They do not read him to-day. They prefer—Longfellow. (I remember crossing on a Camden ferryboat with the good grey poet in the early 'eighties. I piloted him to a concert of string-quartet music. Walt—everyone called him Walt—talked to his friends the deckhands, and played with à little disreputable dog of the door-mat variety. As we stepped off I overheard one of his rough companions say: "There goes that old gas bag again. He makes me tired!" So much for the appreciation of Walt's "powerful, uneducated persons!") Tolstoy, like Whitman, is only for the cultured.

Curious students can find all they wish of Tolstoy's psychology in Merejkowsky's book. One thing we cannot forbear dwelling upon—Dostoievsky's significance in any discussion of Tolstoy. Dostoievsky's was a profounder nature, greater than Tolstoy's, though he was not the finished literary artist. All that Tolstoy tried to be, Dostoievsky was. He did not "go to the people" (that pose of dilettantish anarchy)—he was born of them; he did not write about Siberian prisons from hearsay, he lived in them—a political convict, reprieved from death, because of his participation in the Pétrachevsky group; he did not attempt to dive into the deep social waters of the "submerged tenth," because he himself seldom emerged to the surface. In a word, Dostoievsky is a profounder psychologist than Tolstoy; his faith

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was fierier; his attacks of epilepsy gave him glimpses of the underworld of the soul, terrifying visions of his sub-conscious self, of his subliminal personality. And he had the courage of his chimera.

Tolstoy feared art as being too artificial, and, as Merejkowsky shows, " from the dread mask of Caliban peeps out the familiar and by no means awe-inspiring physiognomy of the obstinate Russian democrat squire, the gentleman Positivist of the 'sixties. He never took writing as seriously as Dostoievsky did; in Tolstoy there is a strong leaven of the aristocrat, the man who rather despises a mere pen worker. Contrast Dostoievsky's attitude before his work, recall the painful parturition of books, his sweating, remorseful days and nights when he could not produce. And now Tolstoy tells us that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is greater than Shakespeare. Is it any wonder Turgenev remonstrated with him? Is it any wonder if, after reading one of his latter-day tracts, we are reminded of *The Washerwoman of Finchley Common,* that classic in the polemics of snuffling piety? The truth is that Tolstoy, a wonderful artist in plastic portraiture, consciously or unconsciously fashioned the Tolstoy legend, as did Richard Wagner the Wagner legend, Victor Hugo the Hugo legend. Men of genius and imagination are nearly all play-actors in matters autobiographical.

It is to Dostoievsky, once the despised outcast, that we must go for the human documents of misery, the naked soul, the heart of man buffeted by fate. If you think *Resurrection* strong, then read Dostoievsky's *The House of the Dead.* If *Anna Karénina* has wooed you—as it must—take up *The Idiot;* and if you are impressed by the epical magnitude of *War and Peace,* study that other epic of souls, *The Brothers Karamazov,* which illuminates, as if with ghastly flashes of lightning, the stormy hearts of mankind. Tolstoy wrote of life; Dostoievsky lived it, drank its sour dregs—for he was a man accursed by luck, an epileptic, and, like the apocalyptic dreamer of Patmos, a seer of visions denied to the robust, ever fleshly Tolstoy. He is the greater psychologist, and his influence on Tolstoy was more profound than Stendhal's —Stendhal, of whom Tolstoy spoke as his master.

Tolstoy denies life, even hates it, after having enjoyed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the full its pleasures. His religion in the last analysis is nihilism, and if carried to its logical conclusion would turn the civilized world into a desert. There is no danger of this happening, for our great man, after his family was in bed, sometimes ate forbidden slices of beef, and he had been seen enjoying a sly cigarette, all of which should endear him to us, for it proves his unquenchable humanity. Yet that roast beef sandwich shook the faith of thousands. No—it will not do to take Tolstoy seriously in his attempts at evolving a parody of early Christianity. He is doubtlessly sincere, but sincerity is often the cloak for a multitude of errors.

His Katusha—Maslova, as she is more familiarly known in *Resurrection*—is a far less appealing figure than the street-walker Sonia in Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment.* The latter lives, while poor Maslova, a crude silhouette in comparison, as soon as she begins the march to Siberia is transformed into a clotheshorse upon which Tolstoy drapes his moral platitudes. She is at first much more vital than her betrayer, who is an unreal bundle of theories; but in company with the rest of the characters she soon goes up in metaphysical smoke. Walizewsky asserts that all Tolstoy's later life was a regrettable pose. "But this is the usual price of every kind of human greatness, and in the case of this very great man it is an atavistic feature of the national education, which in his case was originally of the most hasty and superficial description."

In *As The Hague Ordains,* the anonymous author attacks "our great reformer and humbug," Count Leo Tolstoy. She claims that there is hardly a village in China so abounding in filth and ignorance as the Tula village of Yasnaga Polyana, beside Tolstoy's country home.

"I wonder," she writes, "why the procession of foreign visitors who go to Yasnaya Polyana, who lavish adulation and hysterical praises upon that crass socialist and mischief-maker of his day, never think to look around them and use their reasoning powers. Would it not be the logical thing for Yasnaya Polyana to be the model village of Russia? Something cleaner than Edam or Marken? A little of his magnificent humanitarianism and benevolence poured upon that unsanitary village on his own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

estate would be more practical, it seems to me, than the thin treacle of it spread over the whole universe. Talk is cheap in Yasnaya Polyana, and the Grand Poseur plays his part magnificently. Every visitor goes away completely hypnotized, especially the Americans, with their frothing about equality and the universal brotherhood of man.

"Universal grandmother! All men are just as equal as all noses or all mouths are equal. The world gets older, but learns nothing, and it cherishes delusions, and the same ones, just as it did in the time of the Greek philosophers. Leo Tolstoy might well have lived in a tub or carried a lantern by day, like the most sensational and theatrical of the ancients. He is only a past master of *réclame,* of the art of advertising. The Moujik blouse and those delightful tableaux of a real nobleman shoemaking and haymaking make his books sell. That is all. And, under the unsuspecting blouse of the humanitarian, is the fine and perfumed linen of the dandy. Leo Tolstoy, the Beau Brummel of his corps in my father's day—the dandy in domino to-day."

III

Tolstoy the artist! When his vagaries are forgotten, when all his books are rags, when his very name shall be a vague memory, there will live the portrait of Anna Karénina. How dwarfed are his other achievements compared to the creation of this woman, and to create a living character is to be as the gods! Tolstoy has painted one of the three women in the fiction of the nineteenth century. If the roll-call of the century is ever sounded these three women shall have endured "the drums and tramplings" of many conquests, and the contiguous dust of fictional creatures not built for immortality. Balzac's Valerie Marneffe, Emma Bovary of Flaubert, and the Russian's Anna Karénina are these daughters of earth, flesh and blood, tears and lust, and the pride of life that killeth.

Despite Tolstoy's religious mania, we have never doubted for a moment his sincerity. It is a mysterious yet potent factor in the psychology of such an artist as Tolstoy that whatever he did he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did with tremendous sincerity. That is the reason his fiction is nearer reality than other fictions, and the reason, too, that his realities, i. e., his declarations of faith, are nearer other men's fictions. When he writes of his conversion, like John Bunyan, he lets you see across the very sill of his soul. And he does it artistically. He is not conscious that art enters into the mechanism of this spiritual evisceration; but it does. St. Augustine, John Bunyan, John Henry Newman, wrote of their adventures of the spirit in letters of fire, and in all three there is a touch of the sublime naïveté of childhood's outpourings.

I agree with the estimate of Tolstoy in Merejkowsky. The main points of this study have been known to students who followed Tolstoy's extraordinary career for the past quarter of a century. Ibsen's individualism appeals. Better his torpedo exploding a thousand times under the social ark than the Oriental passivity of the Russian. There is hope in the message of *Brand;* none in Tolstoy's nihilism. One glorifies the will, the other rejects it. No comparison can be made between the two wonderful men as playwrights. Yet Tolstoy's *Powers of Darkness* is brutal melodrama when compared to Ibsen's complex dramatic organisms. But what a nerve-shattering revelation is *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch!* That is the real Tolstoy.

How amateurish is the attitude of the Tolstoy disciple who questions his masterpieces! What is mere art compared to the message! And I say, what are all his vaporings and fatidical croonings on the tripod of pseudo-prophecy as compared to *Anna Karénina?* There is implicit drama, implicit morality in its noble pages, and a segment of the life of a nation in *War and Peace.* With preachers and saviours with quack nostrums the world is already well stocked. Great artists are rare. Every day a new religion is born somewhere—and it always finds followers. But art endures, it outlives dynasties, religions, divinities. It is with Tolstoy the artist we are preoccupied. He may deliver his messages of warning to a careless world—which only pricks up its ears when that message takes on questionable colors, as in the unpalatable *Kreutzer Sonata.* Yes, that was eagerly devoured for its morbid eroticism. We prefer the austerer Ibsen, who presents his men and women within the frame of the drama,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

absolutely without personal comment or *parti pris*—as did Tolstoy, before his decadence, in his novels. Ibsen is the type of the philosophical anarch, the believer in man's individuality, in the State for the individual, not the individual for the State. It is at least more dignified than the other's flood of confessions, of hysterical self-accusations, of penitential vows and abundant lack of restraint. No one doubts Tolstoy's repentance. Like Verlaine's it carried with it its own proofs.

But why publish to the world these intimate soul processes, fascinating as they are to laymen and psychologist alike? Why not keep watch with his God in silence and alone? The reason was (only complicated with a thousand other things: for Tolstoy was a complex being and a Slav), the plain reason was, we repeat, because Leo Nikolaievitch was an artist. He obeyed that *dæmon* known to Socrates and Goethe, and minutely recorded his mental and emotional fluctuations. And with Richard Wagner and Dostoievsky, Tolstoy is one of the three most emotional temperaments of the nineteenth century. Unlike Ibsen and Nietzsche, he does not belong to the twentieth century; his religion, his social doctrines are atavistic, are of the past. Tolstoy is what the French call *un cérébral,* which, as Arthur Symons points out, is by no means a man of intellect. "*Un cérébral* is a man who feels through his brain, in whom emotion transforms itself into idea, rather than in whom idea is transformed by emotion." How well a phrase fits Tolstoy—the fever of the soul! He has had the "fever of the soul," has subdued it, and his recital of his struggles makes breathless reading. They are depicted by an artist, an emotional artist, and, despite his protestations, by one who died an artist, and will be remembered, not as the pontiff of a new dispensation, but as a great world-artist.

An admirer has said of him that "confession has become his second nature." Rather a psychological necessity. The voice that cried from the comfortable wilderness of Yasnaya Polyana furnished unique "copy" for newspapers. Alas! the pity of it all! The moral dyspepsia that overtook Carlyle in middle-life was the result of a lean, spoiled, half-starved youth; the moral dyspepsia that seized the soul of the wonderful Tolstoy was the outcome of a riotous youth, a youth overflowing with the "joy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of life." Ibsen, like Carlyle, battled in his early days with poverty; but his message—if you will have a definite message (Oh, these literal, unimaginative folk of the Gradgrind sort, who would wring from the dumb mysterious beauty of nature definite meanings—as if sheer existence itself is not its own glorious vindication!)—may be a hopeful one. The individual is all in all; he is the evangel of the future; his belief is buoyant and Northern; whereas Tolstoy's sour outlook, his constant girding at the vanities of life (after he has, Solomon-like, tasted of them to the full) is Eastern; his is the Oriental fatalism, the hopeless doctrine of determinism. He discovers a new sin every day. Better one hour of Nietzsche's dancing madness than a cycle of Tolstoy's pessimistic renunciations.

And his inane ethical propaganda does not shake in the least our conviction of the grandeur and truth of Tolstoy's art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHIRKER

HELEN B. CAMPBELL

THE night-light flickered, died down, flickered again, then wavered upward into a thin radiance. He opened his eyes. He was thirsty. "Nurse," he whispered. "Nurse Powell!"

She must have tiptoed away for a moment, supposing him asleep. But he had only been dozing,—thinking.

The watch on the table beside him showed that it lacked five minutes to three o'clock. He was glad he'd made them leave the night-light.

"Nurse!" he whispered again, hoarsely. What right had she to leave him alone like this? She was with him, right enough, when he came out of the ether; she'd smiled then, he remembered,—had said it was over,—that he must go to sleep now, if he could. . . . If only his brain would lie as heavily quiet as his body! He closed his eyes. . . . What was it that had brought him here? . . . There was something, somewhere, that he could not recollect. . . . Ah,—the War. For a few blessed hours he had been able to forget. . . .

Seven months of war: seven times seven years of mental torture for him,—and none of them understood. They'd tried to, he knew: his mother, Martha, Joe,—all of them; but he knew they still felt he ought to go. Discomfort, privation, suffering,—death, perhaps,—that was all war meant to him, and he couldn't face it. . . . Other fellows were different. He'd watched them,—heard them talk. They knew well enough that the man next them might be hit, but each and every one believed that a special Providence would keep him safe,—fighting stupendously, a song on his lips and England in his heart. . . . It was all easy enough if you felt like that,—but he had no faith in that Providence.

What of that charge of the Germans Joe had described so mercilessly on his last leave? A solid mass of human beings, urged forward from behind into a flaming, screeching wall of death. Where was their Providence? . . . And the first two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rows of them. Why, Joe had said they were just a screen, they couldn't fight, their hands were empty. They could only plunge on, heads down, shielding their faces with their arms, like children,—helpless. As fast as they fell their bodies were stamped, face downward, into the mud and forgotten. Not a chance. . . .

The flimsy cotton of his screen moved ever so slightly. He moistened his lips and tried to draw the bed-clothes nearer his chin. He would tell the nurse there was a beastly draught in this corner. . . . He hated the night. . . . How cruel she was to creep off so stealthily without telling him. It was her business to be where she was needed. But women were selfish creatures—all except Martha. Martha was different; but then, she loved him. . . .

Five years, now, she'd waited patiently, believing all along that he'd marry her when he could. He'd meant to at the first, —she knew that. But one thing and another had cropped up to postpone and prevent. . . . If the child had been a son—well, that might have made a difference. Somehow, for a girl, a father's name seemed of less importance. . . . Martha had always trusted him,—always said she knew he'd do the right thing by her and the child,—but it didn't seem as necessary now as it did at first. Of course, she'd stick to him to the end of time, but—was it his fancy only, or had she really seemed less glad to see him the last time he'd run down to spend an afternoon with her? . . . If she turned on him now, he'd know the reason. The War again. . . . That young swine of a sergeant, too. . . . Why hadn't he thought of that possibility before? He had been there with Martha twice, now. Was she, perhaps, seeing too much of the fellow? . . . That must have been the badge of his regiment she was wearing,—that thistle. She'd tried to hide it when he joked her about it, he remembered,—and she'd blushed, too. . . . A dirty Tommy dangling after *his* woman,—poisoning her mind against her own child's father! . . . "I'll kick him into Kingdom Come if I find him skulking round there again," he breathed, savagely. . . . But would Martha thank him if he did? . . . He twitched, restlessly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What would she say, could she see him now? What explanation could he give her? What was he doing, lying here helpless in a strange bed, with this faint sickening smell clinging to his hands, his night-shirt,—everything? His brain groped for the reason of it all. . . . He must remember, or go mad. . . .

Had he come in here to get away from it all? To forget, for a little, those posters everywhere,—the blasted khaki,—the tramping feet, the singing,—those sneering, sidelong glances in the streets? . . . That was it. It was coming back to him, now, bit by bit. . . .

There had been four of them, in khaki. They had come limping out of the hospital as he passed, in bad shape—all of them—but their heads were up and they were smiling,—laughing. *Laughing at him.* . . . He'd seen red,—God! he remembered well enough now!—and had smashed his clenched fist down on the bandaged arm of the man nearest him with all his might. . . . Then he'd stepped back,—run out into the street,—some one had shouted a warning . . . but it got him before he could dodge. . . .

He never quite lost consciousness. He lay there in the road,—writhing, broken, streaming blood,—till the ambulance came, and they picked him up and flung him roughly inside,—or so it had seemed to him. . . . Hours of agony. Then the ether. . . .

But now it was over, they'd told him, and the pain had almost stopped. He mustn't think back. It would upset him. He must relax and try to get some sleep. To-morrow he'd be better. . . . He'd get them to move him to-morrow, if he didn't like this corner better by daylight. . . .

Martha need never know about all this. He'd write her a card saying he was going away for a little. Then, when he was well again, he'd fetch her and the child up to town and they could clear out together for Mexico—Argentina—The Cape—anywhere, and go in for something active, to take his mind off everything. Sheep-farming was good business, he'd been told. . . .

How happy Martha would be. Poor old girl! It would be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heaven for her, and he could commence life again. . . . He longed to start at once. When would they let him up? he wondered. He had feared, from the grim faces of the doctors, that he was in for a long siege of it. He must have been pretty badly cut about or he'd not be so sore all over, nor so stiff,—so damned stiff. . . .

He turned his head, experimentally, with a twinge of pain. Then his arms. They were easier, but he was too weak to do more than lift them a few inches, one at a time. Now the right leg. . . . Funny, how helpless he was in the legs. . . . The left one, then. . . .

A clock somewhere out in the darkness struck three. Queer, that he. . . .

The night-light flickered, died down, flickered again, went out. He strained every nerve, the sweat rolling down his face in great beads of terror, his eyes staring, fixed, into the blackness. . . .

Gently and slowly, very slowly, his hand moved downwards across his body underneath the bed-clothes,—shaking, . . . and stopped.

His legs were gone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERN ART

Theories and Representations

MARIUS DE ZAYAS

THERE are, in the modern movement of art, two equally important sides to consider: the invention or the discovery of new representations, and the theory or argument of the acquired knowledge of the psychological meaning of those representations. These two sides of art, its theory and its practice, do not form a unity; they remain independent, both in their development and in their evolution. They follow different paths and accomplish different results, and their only relation is to serve as an incentive to each other for their progress. This may seem a paradox, but close observation of the conditions of the modern movement of art will convince us of the separate existence of these two entities.

Art, at all times, has been composed of two elements: the idea and the fact; that is, the subjective and the objective. It began by being essentially subjective and in its evolution it gradually became essentially objective,—culminating, so far as relates to plastic representation by man, in photography.

The modern movement of art presents the phenomenon of being equally subjective and objective. First, art was simply the expression of feelings and sensations, represented by geometrical combinations of lines, as in the work of the savages, in whom the power of observation of form is very limited. When the intellect of man acquired the power of observation, his beliefs were expressed in a more objective manner. Then began the evolution of represented form, which was always independent of the evolution of the philosophical idea of art. It is true that the idea modified the form for its better expression, but the development of form continued uninterrupted in the direction of the perfect representation of its objectivity.

The fusion of the *theories* of modern art and its *representation* brings about the confusion of those who find more self-satis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faction in a quick judgment of it than in investigating its significance.

Never before the present time has the theory of art taken such an important place in the thought of man. The sentimentalists, the lovers of contemplativeness, find it futile or unnecessary that anything should be written on a purely plastic subject which ought to speak for itself; ignoring that, in our epoch, the knowledge of the reason of things seems to be of more importance than the things themselves; that there is a struggle to know not only the *how,* but to go as far as trying to investigate the *why* of things. The theories that modern art has brought forth are of equal importance with, if not of more importance than its plastic productions. I will try to demonstrate this in the present article.

Ampère, dividing the history of any science that has attained its full development into four periods, classes the one in which we take hold of the laws that rule the succession of the natural phenomena in a determined order, as the last and highest period. It can be said that art in its latest manifestation has entered into a similar period, for it tries with its theories to understand and acquire the laws that govern plastic phenomena, and with its representations tries to express that phenomena.

Art, before the modern movement, was always synthetic; was always the final conclusion of a belief; it had no theories, but doctrines. Modern art is analytical; and for this reason it divides and subdivides itself into many different branches, all of which aim to discover the primary cause of the plastic significance of the physical world, the concrete. Formerly art was the expression of a collective or individual belief; now its principal motive is in investigations. It proceeds toward the unknown, and that unknown is objectivity. It wants to know the *essence* of things; and it analyzes them in their phenomena of form, following the method of experimentalism set by science, which consists in the determination of the material conditions in which a phenomenon appears. It wants to know that *significance* of plastic phenomena, and accordingly, it has had to enter into the investigation of the morphological organism of things. " Man does not limit himself to see; he *thinks* and wants to know the significance of the phe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomena whose existence has been revealed to him by *observation*. Therefore, he reasons; compares the facts; questions them; and, by the answers he draws, he controls the one by the other. It is this kind of control, by means of reasonings and facts, that constitutes, properly speaking, the experience. It is the only procedure by which we can instruct ourselves in the nature of the things that are outside of ourselves": so says Claude Bernard in his studies on experimentalism. But while science in its experimentalism deals directly with matter operating on matter, art to penetrate into the organism of the plastic phenomena of matter deals only with the sense of sight.

This method introduced in art, manifests the intellectual attitude of man toward nature rather than expresses his beliefs. But, while the "old" art was the expression of the conception of an idea, or in other terms, expressed the idea by the conception of its constitutive elements, the "new" art is not the expression of its theories. It follows, at the same time, two criteria: one inner, conscious, subjective and absolute; and the other, outer, experimental and relative. We could say that one is a "mental" analysis while the other is a "plastic" analysis. With its theories it wants to get at the subjective truth; and with its practice at the objective truth. It wants to get at the synthesis of all thought, and at the essence of all facts. It follows science in its method, but not in its spirit.

Some one said, writing about a popular artist, that "when all sides of the question have been weighed, it must remain the deeper faith, the greater glory, to take the world as it is and find the eternal in it, than to seek for our realities in some fictitious atmosphere born of the imagination." This phrase clearly defines the attitude of the modern artist and his utopian aim to find the eternal subjective and represent it by the eternal objective, when neither of them is or can be eternal.

To obtain these truths in their eternality, the modern artist analytically studies his inner self and the outer world, separately. He employs in his studies a personal philosophical system and an impersonal experimental method. He goes beyond observation, for he does not want to express nature as he sees it; he does not want to express its effects but its causes; he dissects both the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outer world and its psychological effects on men; and therein, lies the difference between his theories and his practice of art. One is purely philosophical; the other purely experimental. One is conscious and subjective; the other unconscious and objective. One is the idea, the other is the fact; one is Man, and the other is Nature.

Through reasoning and induction the modern artist arrives at a philosophical system; at a theory which explains his idea of the subjective truth, which, like all subjective truths, is universal and absolute. These theories manifest the natural tendency of the human mind to search for the primary cause of existence, since man cannot accept a phenomenon without a cause. He needs an explanation of it to satisfy his necessity to believe. It is a new face of the religious idea, composed like the latter of impressionability and intelligence. In all these theories can be felt a reasoning faith that in most cases is contagious, ending very often in fanaticism.

Most of the theories of modern art have for a starting point a scientific truth. Taking the principle of his logical deductions as a truth, the artist believes that his conclusions are also truths. But when we carry those conclusions to facts, we are soon convinced that, though they are perfectly logical, they are by no means reducible to facts. Dazzled by the light of science and carried away by his instinct of the marvellous and the absolute, the artist, the interpreter of the emotionalism of humanity, who in other times tried to represent not only the idea of the natural but also the conception of the supernatural, now seeks to discover the laws of nature.

Art is no longer the result of the affective phenomena; of impressions and emotions; it is a product of the intellectualism that reigns in our epoch. Man loses in affective impressionability what he gains in intellectual power. Intellectualism in art has become a passion; a source of pleasure. Its desire is the force that impels us to the combination of ideas that carry man to abstraction. Hence the necessity to theorize.

Claude Bernard says that " the human mind in the different periods of its evolution, has passed successively through *sentiment, reason* and *experience*. First, sentiment, imposing itself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon reason, created the truths of faith; that is, theology. Reason or philosophy, being next the master, gave birth to Scholasticism. And last, experience, that is, the study of the natural phenomena, taught man that the truths of the outer world cannot be formulated either by sentiment or by reason; these are only the guides. But to obtain these truths, it is necessary to descend to the objective reality of things, where they are found hidden in the form of their phenomena."

An analysis of the idea of art in its evolution shows that it was originated by strong impressions, by emotions; it also shows the slow transformation of those emotions into intellectual conceptions; and finally into the idea that has become the instrument to penetrate into the reason of things.

The philosophical idea of art has followed step by step the evolutions of the religious conceptions of man, which, succeeding one another, becoming less and less crude, less and less chimerical, finally arrived at science with its realities, devoid of fantasies.

The masses which humbly worshipped the representations of art when they were the expressions of sentiments, affections and beliefs, began to have an instinctive doubt as art gradually approached objectivity. They revolted when it entered into the analysis of the objective. They blindly believed in art when it only expressed the subjective; when it only intended to evoke a doctrine; or convey a *credo*. They condemned it when it tried to reveal a truth. The understanding of the *idea* of the objective marks the highest period of the intellect of man. Modern art reasons; on the other hand, the masses are acted upon by emotions infinitely more than by logical reasoning.

A theory, formulated by logical reasoning, might not be convincing, but is always comprehensible. Were it possible for plastic productions of modern art to be the logical reasoning of its theories they would be, if not convincing, at least understood by the generality of the art public. But they cannot be. The theories are, in relation to the plastic works, their philosophical justification; but the plastic works remain as isolated facts.

A subjective truth is not the same thing as an objective one. The intrinsic meaning of an idea cannot be represented by the intrinsic meaning of a fact. An idea can only be represented

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by form if we give to form a conventional value. As the theories of modern art are formulated through analysis, the logical reasoning of a subjective truth, art's representations are the analysis of an objective truth. The theories are purely ideological; the representations purely morphological. The theories might create in us a mental interest; give us an intellectual pleasure; while the representations give us only a plastic impression, that is purely an optical impression. These representations are the analysis of existing things in their phenomena of form; they are not only abstract form, but form in its abstraction. Man cannot create form; form in its most abstract expressions remains form; it remains objective; it remains a fact.

And a fact, as Claude Bernard says, "is nothing in itself, it does not have any value but for the idea that goes with it, or by the proof that it furnished. When we qualify a fact as a *discovery,* it is not the fact itself that constitutes the discovery, but the new idea that derivates from it. And the same happens when a fact proves; it is not the fact itself which gives the *proof,* but only the rational relation that it establishes between the phenomenon and its cause."

This also happens with the works of modern art; they do not have any intellectual value, outside of the purely optical impression, until one has become acquainted with its theories. Although the sense of sight, the sense that connects the mind with the visible world, is the highest and most cerebral of all the senses, it cannot by the impressions peculiar to it, be sensitive to the qualities of reason, to essentially ideological entities formulated by pure intelligence which is the cerebral faculty of the highest order. So then, if we are to get any pleasure from the modern works of art, it would seem to be the pleasure produced by the gratification of the pure intellect, about which Mr. Maurice Aisen writes in a recent number of *Camera Work* and which he believes to be the sixth sense. In other words, our pleasure would seem to be caused by the theories; by that "beauty" which Charles Letourneau, not quite fifty years ago, thought to be beyond the possibilities of art, when he said in his study of passions that "higher still we find a purely intellectual beauty, scientific or philosophical; but this last one escapes the artist, it rises above

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art." Hence, either art has been raised to a higher level, or it has evolved into another intellectual entity; as science (research of the objective truth) evolved from religion (explanation of the subjective *credo*).

If we admit that the highest cerebral faculty produces the highest psychological manifestations, we also have to admit that the manifestations of the pure intelligence are higher than those produced by the emotions of any of the senses, since the pleasures produced by the senses which are in a closer connection with the cerebrum, are more intellectual, though of a lesser emotional intensity, than those produced by the senses of a minor cerebral intimacy. For example: the pleasures of plastic impressions, produced by the sense of sight, the sense which has the most intimate connection with the cerebrum, are less emotional but more intellectual than those of musical sounds, produced on the ear, which is more a sensual sense-organ than the eye. By natural reason the intensity of the emotions received by the senses is in inverse ratio of their degree of intellectualization.

"The nervous organization of man definitively has four orders of centres. The functional centres, the first to be formed, unconscious and devoid of spontaneity; the *instinctive* centres, conscious and gifted with irresistible, with fatal manifestations; the *intellectual* centres, acquired in a voluntary and free manner, but becoming by habit more or less automatic and involuntary. And, lastly, at the summit of all these manifestations is found the superior cerebral organ of the intimate sense, into which all come to finalize. It is in this centre of the intellectual unity that is found the conscience, which, enlightened incessantly by the light of the experience of life, tends to weaken, by the progressive development of reason and volition, the blind and irresistible manifestation of the instinct. The conscious superior intelligence is always the last to appear in the development of the animal series as well as in the development of man" (Claude Bernard).

Nothing is more abstract, more detached from the outer world than that conscience, the lamp of knowledge, even if in the last analysis we find that it has its foundation in the senses. That conscience, that pure intellectuality is the psycho-chemical combination of memories; of evoked images, of all psychic phe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomena in their immediate causes, mobilized, compared, analyzed. It is the faculty which formulates the idea, the theories, the subjective truths based on experience.

Hence we may conclude that the theories of modern art, when based on experience or the manifestations of pure intellectualism, are of a higher order and occupy a higher degree in the scale of intellectual progress than do its representations.

It is an incontestable fact that art in its latest manifestations has suffered an evolution, no matter whether this evolution is progressive or dissolvent; and I call dissolvent evolutions those in which, by the introduction of new elements into a manifestation of the mind, we develop it, or verify its inadequacy to fulfil our present intellectual needs.

The idea of evolution, unfortunately, has become the *primum mobile* of a great majority of followers of the modern movement of art. It has become a moral disease which has spread in the form of an epidemic of intellectualization.

Evolution, development, and progress are the impelling forces of a frantic race in which every one tries to press onward, to be at the head, to gain always a step forward toward the solution of the problem, toward "the glory to take the world as it is and find the eternal in it."

This epidemic of intellectualization is responsible for those numerous cases that we so often meet with of ultra-individualism, generally accompanied by unlimited egolatry, whose expressions are the extravagant exaggerations of the discoveries made by the investigators. These are the fanatics, and with all the characteristics of fanaticism of all time. They possibly are the cause for which modern artists have been earnestly qualified as paranoiacs, and as pathological lunatics; qualifications which are thoroughly unjustified.

The most exaggerated and extravagant production of the modern art movement differs in every respect from the production of a demented brain. The mere fact that the theories and the represented expressions of modern art have created an epidemic of artistic intellectualism proves that they are not the product of lunacy. "There are no epidemics of pathological lunacy. The facts are positive in that respect," says the alienist, Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Despine, in his study of lunacy from the philosophical standpoint. "Facts do not show us any epidemic of lypemania; of those lunacies called monomanias." He further says: "There are no epidemics of lunacy except among healthy men; and the cause that produces it is a moral contagiousness." And still further he writes: "The exciting object being that which fixes the thought of all the excited ones, becomes the delirium of all, and that delirium being the same in every one, takes in reality the character of an epidemic."

"It would be wrong to say," continues Dr. Despine, "that lunacy is contagious. It is the passion only which is contagious, exciting by its manifestations the same passion in all those who are susceptible of experiencing it."

It is quite unreasonable to condemn as works of lunatics those which are the result of instinct, reason and experience, whose tendency is investigation and whose aim is truth; works which at least have come to prove to the archsensitives, whose only criterion of art was their sensual emotionalism, who have looked in the works of art for nervous spasms and pleasurable lassitudes,—that the only criterion, which leads to understanding, is reason.

Never before has art endeavored to manifest exclusively the organism of the outer phenomena. It has always been the expression of emotional experiences or desire. This principal human element, emotionalism, is of particular interest to the public who, consciously or unconsciously, always look in art for the gratifying exaltation of their own moral qualities. It is the subjective which appeals to them; for they consider the objective as a matter of fact, as obvious, axiomatic. "Even in the highest work of art our interest is too apt to be strongly or even mainly, of a Biographical sort. Art indeed is Art; yet Man also is Man. Had the *Transfiguration* been painted without human hand, had it grown merely on the canvas, say by atmospheric influences, as lichen-pictures do on rocks—it were a grand picture doubtless, yet nothing like so grand as the picture, which, on opening our eyes, we everywhere in heaven and on earth see painted, and everywhere pass over with indifference—because the painter was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not Man. Think of this; much lies in it." So says Thomas Carlyle in his essay on *Biography*.

Will the modern movement of art begin to raise in the general public an interest for the outer world? Will it make the public abandon its exclusivism for the subjective and make it understand the significance of the objective? Perilous is the task of prophets, and unless one indulges in lyricisms, one is sceptical about the effects of an idea on the masses. But we can assume as a certainty that all those whose physical brain development will be high enough to create that conscience "always enlightened by the light of the experience of life" will understand and get pleasure out of the beauties of scientific truth—infinitely more beautiful than those created "in some fictitious atmosphere born of the imagination."

The "Old" art always synthetized. The "new" art analyzes. Chevreul, the great savant experimentalist, affirms: "The truth that we believe to have recognized, only by analysis or only by synthesis, often is nothing but a deception. The certainty of truth requires that the result of analysis should be confirmed by the synthesis, and the product of a synthesis, by analysis."

The "old" art did not analyze its synthesis. The "new" art, as yet, has not synthetized its analysis. It has not been able to give a convincing proof of its theories by its representations, nor a conclusive proof of its representations by its theories.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PSYCHOLOGY OF A SUICIDE

CLARA MORRIS

NOW that the hell of doubt, the hideous struggle was over, a strange peace fell upon her, a strange exaltation. She passed along the familiar ways, seeing them with new eyes; the nearness of death stripped away the outer covering of things, the soul of the world seemed bared to her. The fierce pain, the bitter hate, the stifling despair that at times had choked her, the mad rage of futility that had ravaged her being, were all gone. For the first time for many weary years, she felt supreme, master of her own destiny, unafraid of her God. Already life had ceased to terrify, already the world and its cares seemed far away, its unmeaning tumult sinking into the quiet of oblivion.

She passed the great, glittering jewel-shops, before whose windows many a day, pinched with cold and hunger, she had stopped to gaze at the wonderful gems, gems meant for the favored and fortunate women of another world than hers. How paltry they seemed now! She smiled a faint little smile. A young man, arrogant in his wealth and youth, had jostled her rudely. A strange wave of pity for him swept over her!

She quickened her steps and was lost in the crowd.

How blind he was, and he had yet to live, perhaps a long life!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN S. SARGENT

JOHN COURNOS

THE Russian critic Mikhailovsky once remarked that men of genius often make their appearance in pairs, and that each pair contains either mutually complementary or mutually antagonistic elements. He cited instances: Voltaire and Rousseau, Goethe and Schiller, Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, Gorky and Chekhov. In English literature he might have remarked the cases of Dickens and Thackeray, of Hardy and Meredith.

Applied to the history of modern painting, the names of Manet and Whistler must instantly occur to us as two names which complement each other. More often, however, and it must be so to many of us, possibly because they are both Americans, probably because their methods are so violently opposed to each other, the names of Whistler and Sargent occur to us.

We know that Whistler studied and admired Velasquez. We also know that Sargent having left the studio of Carolus Duran at 24, after assimilating the best of that master and demonstrating this fact by a last portrait of Duran, went to Madrid. How comes it then that two men studying Velasquez should produce such mutually destructive results? Whistler suggests, Sargent asserts; Whistler is reticent, Sargent almost blatant; Whistler selects, Sargent takes things almost as they come; Whistler is dainty, delicate, spiritual, Sargent is robust, frank, corporeal.

To start with, Velasquez must be left out of the question. Whistler is Whistler, Sargent is Sargent. Each has his own likes and leanings, which are racial, hereditary, altogether personal. And when two men of strong but diverse individuality meet a third, each takes from him that part which is to his liking. Whistler extracted the exquisite, the mellow, the soul, from Velasquez; Sargent took the remainder. Mr. Moore may be right: if Whistler had been physically more robust he might have been another Velasquez. And if Nature, contrite and subtle-souled, refrained from " repeating herself," she did not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hesitate to make an analysis, and disentangled the two personalities of the Spaniard by creating Whistler and Sargent. And like a fond mother she has given all the favors to the smaller boy, seeing that the other had muscle.

Sargent, indeed, astonishes one, as it were, by feats of strength. It is no mere facility, but genuine strength, like Sandow's. No one can imitate him, though he does his work with obvious ease, openly and revealing almost every movement of his vigorous brush. He cannot perform magic like Whistler, who shows us the effect of what he does, but not how he does it. Sargent makes no use of mystery. He does not put down anything beyond what he actually sees. He does not make a large demand upon the imagination. The beauty he sees in women is usually skin deep, and that skin is quite often painted and rouged. The people we meet in his portraits are people we meet at casual teas and drawing-room parties: we rarely have the opportunity to have a heart to heart talk with them, or to know them profoundly. In this, Sargent suggests the diarist rather than the novelist. His knowledge is enormous, but he lacks the faith of great artists: what men call the "soul" hardly exists for him. Possibly this is due to the fact that he does not exercise the faculty of selection. When he has a sitter who interests him the result is enhanced immeasurably. There is for example more than mere physical likeness in a portrait like that of the late Joseph Pulitzer, which is perhaps the best portrait that Sargent has painted. There is soul in it. It is the soul of a keen, somewhat weary, half-blind old man who has led a life of busy and nervous endeavor. It gives every evidence of the painter's profound interest in his subject. There are no slap and dash strokes in it. On the contrary, one finds in it the most subtle nuances of color and of psychology. Moreover, it is a modern portrait, a document of the nervous character of our age. It is in its way almost as perfect as that other magnificent naturalistic portrait of another age: the serene Doria Velasquez. Another portrait that can hardly be excelled for modernity is the portrait of Mr. Asher Wertheimer. It could not have been painted in another age. The amazing use Sargent makes of the cigar in the man's hand gives poise and com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

placency to the entire figure, and the whole thing suggests a man caught, rather than posed, in a momentary self-revealing attitude. It may lack the "dignity" of an old portrait, it cannot be complained that it is not alive. Sargent might likewise retort that dignity is not the supreme virtue of our age. He is objective in his attitude, almost as objective as a camera. As in the Wertheimer portrait, he often depends upon the self-revealing pose of his sitters to express their mentalities, or, at any rate, their attitudes toward life. You seldom feel that he has posed his figures—at least in his most life-like portraits—but has depended upon the vanities of his sitters to realize that they were being painted by John S. Sargent. Consider his two most theatrical portraits: one of Mrs. Matthias, the other of the American painter William M. Chase. The first is one of the few things of Sargent's that look anything like a studied "arrangement"; and with what joyous, slashing strokes he has painted it! That of Mr. Chase, on the other hand, Mr. Chase with brushes and palette in hand, Mr. Chase drawing back to contemplate his own work, is an instance of Sargent's amazing ability to catch his man red-handed; what splendid psychology there is in the mere movement of the figure! But in his less successful portraits vulgar life jostles art very roughly at times, and art retires to take refuge in a frame of Whistler's.

I sometimes go to the National Portrait Gallery, and study that astonishing portrait of Coventry Patmore, and that wonderfully painted, almost palpably wet eye that Sargent has given him—and the more I study the picture the more it seems to me that the painter has made his sitter look like an old fox. It is almost uncanny, this faculty of Mr. Sargent's of presenting his sitters at times in their less flattering aspects. Watts would have gone to the other extreme. Rembrandt would have delved into the depths and found the man's soul. But Sargent never flatters, not even himself. He lacks, I have said, the faith of great artists. He also lacks their vanity. And for proof one must go to the Uffizi. Consider the two self-portraits there painted by Rembrandt and Sargent. Reflect upon the work of the great Dutchman, whose curiosity in himself was never exhausted, whose every portrait of himself—the "toothless old

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lion," to use a happy phrase of Van Gogh's—is an exaltation, and a transfiguration, and then consider the portrait of the American, painted, I believe, at the request of the authorities. "What a modest little man!" is the thought that may occur to you, looking at the likeness of the most prominent portrait painter of our age. One wonders what Sargent would think of Van Gogh's recipe for the portrait of a friend, of his intention to reveal in the painting all the love he felt for him, of his mad desire to paint as a background for his head not "the trivial wall of the room," but infinity! Had Sargent tried to paint even less than that, his curiosity in portraiture would never have been exhausted. As it is, his present determination to paint few portraits is a confession which no great portrait painter of the past had ever made. It is pleasant to think of the trembling hand of old Rembrandt pausing to steady itself in order to transfer to canvas the stroke which the clear and steady eye saw in the glass!

There are two other quite different Sargents—Sargent the decorator and Sargent the water-colorist. His decorations in the Boston Public Library are intensely interesting as bold ventures in the abstract by a painter who is known to us chiefly by his insistent reiteration of the concrete. Sargent's panels are perhaps not inherently decorative in the sense that those of Puvis de Chavannes or of his great prototype Piero della Francesca are decorative; that is to say, they are not designed with such a definitive intention to complement architecture. Nevertheless, they are undeniably the work of a man of genius and are deserving of homage. The figures are beautifully constructed, and their big, simple, firm, almost austere outlines comprehend, if only to a degree, the lofty ethical character of the great democratic figures of ancient Judæa. It is a symbolism comparable, perhaps, to that of Watts. His conceptions, on the whole, might be described as intellectual rather than spiritual and sensuous.

And what a world of difference between the inspired Sargent and the matter-of-fact Sargent! To study the Boston Library decoration is to lapse into all sorts of unprofitable reflections on various possibilities. Has Sargent exchanged his genius for a mess of pottage? What would Sargent have been had he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not given himself to promiscuous portraiture? What might he, with his powers, not have accomplished, if, from the very beginning, his art were the result of the impetus of ideas and not a surrender to the material considerations of a matter of fact world? Sargent's direct genius has much that is American in it, and this again raises the question: what would he have done had he devoted a share of this genius to delineating democratic motives? Velasquez painted King Philip, but he painted with equal interest King Philip's dwarfs, and topers at an inn. Sargent has painted Lord Ribblesdale, and I believe he has also painted the late Lord Rothschild; but the test of his interest in portraiture would have been if he had painted the man who knocks on the door of Lord Ribblesdale's "tradesmen's entrance," and the cook who prepared Lord Rothschild's viands. And we know that Sargent's famous literary countryman, Henry James, did not hesitate to condescend to give us a psychologic study of an English gentleman's valet. Is Sargent's place, then, with Gainsborough, with Reynolds, with Romney? In such beautiful portraits as those of Lady Ian Hamilton and of "Almina" he is quite their peer.

Sargent the water-colorist again provokes our speculative nature. The large collection of his magnificent water-colors in the Brooklyn Museum shows that he has a fine grasp of the medium. Though it is much less manageable than oil pigment, and employed chiefly on that account in landscape, he constructs figures in it vigorously and firmly—and yet how delicately! The quality of charm which is apparent only in the best of his feminine portraits is omnipresent here, and he who would enjoy the distinguished little room in the Brooklyn Museum is advised to leave Sargent the portrait painter behind, and think of the room's contents as the product of a distinct personality. This would be following Sargent's own example, since he has left portrait painting behind, and is devoting his time more and more to things he really wishes to do.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"MIRACLES"

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

THE clergyman shifted in his chair before the fire in his friend's room, and broke the static silence.

"Then you refuse to believe," said he, "simply because the age of miracles is past! Well, I am sorry that you let this stand as a stumbling-block, more sorry than I can say. For although I can show you no miracles I, somehow, believe."

"No!" said the layman, "you cannot convince me. All reason stands against the religious idea. Nowadays, people have to be shown. *I* have to be shown. And if your 'miracles' happened in the olden days, 'miracles' would happen now! I'd have to *see* 'em, old chap!"

Then he arose from his seat and took a box of matches from the mantel shelf. Extracting one, he drew the dead wood along the edge of the box, until a flame appeared, dancing on the end of the match. He lit his cigarette and tossed the match away. The room was almost in darkness. So he turned to the wall, touched a button, and the room was flooded with light. In moving away from the wall he accidentally set the electric fan in motion. He stopped it, absent-mindedly, and pushing it to safety, turned on another knob, so that the room, which was slightly chill despite the fire, began to grow warm. Then he murmured an excuse, and taking up a little instrument, spoke a few words with his mother, who was almost a hundred miles away. When he had done, he came back to the hearth, and opening a box that stood there, turned a crank, and immediately the voice of the greatest singer in the world poured forth into the quiet room.

During the music the two sat very still, and when they had caused it to cease, the clergyman sighed and stirred and spoke again.

"I am still thinking of our conversation," said he, "and of how sorry I am that I cannot convince you. But of course you have me about the miracles. They used to happen and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they don't any longer. I must admit I have no evidence—no tangible evidence, of even one!"

He arose.

"Must you be off?" asked the layman.

"I fear I must," said the clergyman, looking at his perfect timepiece. "My automobile is waiting for me. It will only take about ten minutes to cover the three miles up town, but I must not risk being late."

"I'll see you to the elevator," said the layman. "What have you up for to-night?"

"We are to see the Holy Land to-night," said the clergyman; "a motion-picture. Very comprehensive and perfect in detail, they tell me. It is to be shown at the parish house. As I never expect to be able to go to Jerusalem in person, I am most anxious not to miss any of it. And besides, I have to consult with the Bishop about the offer of one of our members, who is an aviator, to give an exhibition flight for the benefit of the church."

"Well," said the layman, "sorry you have to leave so early, old chap, but of course I understand. Guess I'll just say a few important letters into the dictaphone, send a wireless to my wife, who sailed for Europe this morning, and then turn in. Good-night! And, by the by—if you ever run across any miracle, just call my attention to it!"

"Good-night!" replied the clergyman. "I wish you wouldn't laugh! But if ever I *do* see a miracle, be sure I'll let you know!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TURNHURST

CHARLES VALE

DO I remember those long-distant years
And all they held of love and loveliness?—
And sometimes harsher things, God knows, no less
To be remembered now the darkness nears!
For though we paint the future without fears
Or recreate the past without regret
Or take the present as it chances, yet
Our part is in a world of blood and tears.

Child, nothing evermore can be the same.
So vast an agony as this transcends
All measures of mortality and change.
White snows of winter, trees, the summer flame,
Storms, flowers and fields, old faces and old friends—
How far away, yet close: how clear, yet strange!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PHILOSOPHERS

Rollo Peters

Some men sit always peering over the edge into the black pit. . . . Some visit it but for brief spaces and some live only in the open happy fields. . . .

Who profit most?

Many are blinded by the fumes which arise from its endless depths: some few smile into its blackness: some hang, terrified, to the dried roots which cling about its edge. . . . And some sit in the sun with their backs to it, gazing over the pleasant lands. . . .

Being but mortals, we can see and hear within short limits. A row of men are at the edge of the pit, staring down into it. . . .

FIRST MAN [*on his belly, straining his eyes*]
I see deep, deep, deep. . . .

SECOND MAN [*shielding his eyes*]
I am blinded by these vapors.

THIRD MAN [*laughing*]
They are like white sheep shaped.

FOURTH MAN
This is irksome—the sky is more beautiful.

FIFTH MAN
I am old. My eyes are dimmed. I see even less than in my youth.

FIRST MAN
I see deep, deep, deep. . . .

SECOND MAN
I see deeper. . . .

FIRST MAN
What seest thou?

SECOND MAN
I shall not tell thee.

THIRD MAN
This is a fool's game, rewardless as old age. [*Laughing*] I see green apes and scarlet-creeping serpents at the bottom.

FOURTH MAN
There are no green apes nor scarlet-creeping serpents on the Earth.

FIFTH MAN
Aye, but we are looking into the black pit.

FOURTH MAN
I am here but to remark the sport.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST MAN

I see dim, dim, shapes moving. . . .

SECOND MAN

They are men; I see them clearly.

FIRST MAN

They are not men. They are the souls of men walking naked, free. . . . I see deep, deep. It is awful. . . .

SECOND MAN

I see deeper.

FIRST MAN

I am seeing what men have never seen before. . . .

FIFTH MAN

Countless years have I sat here, yet have I nothing seen. The pit is full of vapors and of hidden flames.

SECOND MAN

I see deeper than all of you. I am the greatest man on earth.

THIRD MAN

Thou screamest too loud.

FOURTH MAN

I shall make others laugh with what I have heard here.

FIFTH MAN

I may yet see something. They say that eyesight returns once strong again to the old before they die. . . .

FIRST MAN

I can almost see the heaving bottom of the pit. . . . It is terrible. . . .

SECOND MAN

I see everything.

FIRST MAN

I can see . . . Oh, it is fearful! I have seen. . . .

SECOND MAN

Why, he sees nothing. It is I who see. . . .

THIRD MAN

His eyes are staring out so drolly . . . [*laughs*]

FOURTH MAN

He is sleeping from exhaustion. This is a fool's game.

FIFTH MAN

No. He will never speak again. He has seen what we shall never see. It was too beautiful. . . .

And one who was standing by wrote all that he heard in a vast book and gave it to the people in the happy fields to study. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Modern Medicine

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Helen S. Gray in the May and June numbers of THE FORUM has written in a manner that should interest many of your subscribers.

No other class of men has more persistently followed false gods than the medical profession. And the history of modern medicine, as practised by the majority of the dominant school, at the present time, would read very much like that quotation cited by the author from a standard work of 1752—in the absurdity of it all. There has been a constant change in the therapeutics of disease until few doctors wholly agree. As a result of this some State boards of medical examiners ask no questions on the administration of drugs!

As to internal medicine, faith is put in palliative rather than in curative measures. How logical for these men to value antitoxines and vaccines, which are at least the outcome of logical methods! I heard one of the most prominent physicians in this country say: "There is no remedy that will cut short the course of typhoid fever except vaccine." Another noted worker in research said at the same time: "There are only two curative medicines and they are not very dependable." Then he named mercury (for a systemic venereal disease) and emetine (in amœbic dysentery).

There is no reason for this attitude, however, for the less dominant schools of medicine have shown at the bedside, if not in the newspapers, that the course of practically all diseases can be shortened to the extent of actual cure, or palpably ameliorated by drugs—many of which were in use fifty years ago.

But vaccines cannot be dismissed by ridicule. It is an established fact that many diseases are successfully treated in this way, for example: rheumatism (arthritis), boils (furunculosis), pimples (acne), and others. Let us remember that carefully administered vaccine can hardly do harm and very often does much good. The patients who are "poisoned by serums" are actually victims of the *ignorance* of their doctors.

Let us join with the writer of these articles in discouraging the research craze, compulsory vaccination, and the political activities of medical societies to get special legislation—even if they do profess a disinterested zeal for the public health.

N. D. SHAW

ANN ARBOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest the article in THE FORUM, entitled *Life's Primal Architects,* by E. Douglas Hume.

In these days of advanced theories on microbes and microbic disease, this cleverly written article should be studied carefully by all modern scientists.

TENTERDEN

LONDON

[Lord Tenterden is Chairman of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, and of the Anti-Vivisection Hospital (Battersea General Hospital).—EDITOR.]

Votes for Women

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In the June number of THE FORUM, in an article entitled *Why Do Women Want the Ballot?,* H. G. Cutler has given a most interesting presentation of one of the most important subjects under consideration to-day.

I am very sorry the author failed to bring the article up to date for publication in a periodical of such wide influence as THE FORUM.

I will not try to bring the facts regarding other countries up to date, but will confine my remarks to the United States.

Paragraph one, page 719, reads: "The five States in which women have full suffrage and can hold any office within the power of commonwealths to confer are divided by the Rocky Mountains; and the women say that Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado have real backbone. They are the backbone and the spinal cord of the country, and through them, all the sister States are being inspired and invigorated."

Paragraph six, page 720: "Outside the five equal suffrage States, progress has been fragmentary, but very marked in some sections."

After mentioning many "fragmentary" points of interest, the author in the last paragraph on page 720 states that the most pronounced triumph of woman suffrage within late years was the passage of the Illinois bill (approved by the Governor, June 26, 1913).

After having cited many interesting facts regarding Illinois, and noting partial successes and many failures in other States, this most instructive article ends without even a mention of the fact that full suffrage was granted to the women of California in 1911; in Arizona, Kansas and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oregon in 1912; in Alaska in 1913; in Montana and Nevada in 1914; and the very interesting fact that New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey are to vote this next fall on a Constitutional Amendment—New Jersey in October and the others in November.

(Dr.) Kate W. Baldwin

Philadelphia

A Voice in the Wilderness

[to the editor of the forum]

Dear Sir,—The Forum has inspired my thoughts, fired my ambition, corrected my errors, comforted me in loneliness; but now I weep.

The lachrymosal incident is brought on by the perusal of Lewis Edward Collings' contribution appearing in your June issue.

His terminology is in keeping with the location of the voice, and its characterization as *A (Wild) Voice in the Wilderness* is the strongest point for congratulation.

But it is not for Mr. Collings that I moan, but for the temporary editorial titubation.

"For God is Love." What a sacchariferous morsel, for *The Baptist Weekly Flame*—but what a crudity for adult minds!

Is it really necessary at this time of day for a correspondent to define "Love" in terms of self-preservation?

By this God-love only has there "been any progress toward real civilization," "truths emphasized for the first time at their true value by Jesus Christ," "Generation after generation beholds the proof . . . each generation rejects"; yet "the world has turned to them" and "given them reverence." Pace the rejection, it has extended "to the ends of the earth."

Until we return to the dark ages—I beg your pardon; "until Catholic and Protestant alike become Christian, there can be no practice of the love-principle in its purity and simplicity."

Such profound scholarship might appeal to *The Daily Sniveller* or *The Weekly Visitor,* but one lacking in "common sense" should not be allowed to intrude upon the poise and dignity of Forum readers.

Edmund Marshall

Detroit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL NOTES

The German Note

THE German reply to the second American Note after the sinking of the *Lusitania* is not satisfactory. It contains, we are glad to see, many expressions of courtesy and good-will, and so follows the lead of the President and the Secretary of State, and makes further discussion possible. But it does not offer any concessions that really meet the case; it ignores or evades clear issues; and there is a naïveté in some of its phrases that throws additional light on the German way of thinking.

The whole question should not be considered without a sincere effort to realize the German position and the force of public opinion in the Fatherland. The mere point of munitions is naturally a sore one, and the grievance is only accentuated by the fact that if conditions had been reversed and the practical command of the sea had not been gained by the Allies, Germany would undoubtedly have availed herself of such of our resources as she needed. We should then have heard nothing of Teutonic resentment on such a score.

But national feeling is not always strictly logical. Governments, however, should be reasonably free from the prejudices of the mob. Herr von Jagow was distinctly disingenuous when he stated that: "The case of the *Lusitania* shows with horrible clearness to what jeopardizing of human lives the manner of conducting war by our adversaries leads." The objection of the United States was to the manner of conducting war employed by Germany, which was apparently prepared to become enthusiastic over the murder of the babies on the *Lusitania,* until decent public opinion in other countries made some measure of restraint seem advisable.

Another passage is scarcely conceivable: "The Imperial Government learned with satisfaction how earnestly the Government of the United States is concerned in seeing the principles of humanity realized in the present war. Also this appeal finds ready echo in Germany and the Imperial Government is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite willing to permit its statements and decisions in the present case to be governed by the principles of humanity just as it has done always." This, from the devastators of Belgium, is peculiar. The distinction between word and deed is deepened by the further sentence: "Germany likewise has been always tenacious of the principle that war should be conducted against the armed and organized forces of an enemy country, but that the enemy civilian population must be spared as far as possible from the measures of war." How far has the civilian population of Belgium been spared from the horrors of war?

The submarine is comparatively a new weapon. It can only be used in accordance with established principles of international law. Those principles must not be altered to make destruction and murder still easier than they have been. If the submarines cannot act without violating binding laws, they must cease to act. They can only be tolerated if they are willing to accept the indispensable restrictions.

The United States cannot recede from the position that she has taken. She will use every endeavor to arrive at an amicable understanding, but she has little interest in special pleading that is manifestly directed toward the further influencing of those among the public who can be confused by specious but insincere sentences. The question is one of clear rights and clear offences. It should still be capable of adjustment. But time passes and the need for a definite settlement becomes very serious. Germany will not make this settlement more probable by trying to throw the onus of her own misdeeds upon her opponents.

Yards and Lives

FREQUENTLY, we read in the newspapers of important victories. Three hundred, five hundred or seven hundred yards have been gained, at the cost of God knows how many casualties: some hundreds of the yards have subsequently been recaptured, the exploit receiving a few lines in the official report and a few pages in the list of losses. This is one aspect of modern war.

It is not merely a question of lives measured against yards: it is a question of deaths for inches. No longer—on the western

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

front, at least—do we see day by day the sweep and so-called romance of war. Something of this may come, and soon. But for months the chief fighting has been an affair of yards and graves. In France, a united nation in arms is striving to push back its enemy, bit by bit, day by day. The Germans, intrenched on a foreign soil, defend each spadeful with their lives.

And every man, probably, in each nation, would have felt and fought as keenly for the other side, if he had been born a few yards or a few miles on a different side of the frontier.

Premature Peace

HOWEVER earnestly men and women may be looking for the end of hostilities and the beginning of new freedom, enthusiasm should not be allowed to run away with judgment. The War has done so much evil, has brought ruin and sorrow to so many millions, that something of good may well be demanded for the price that has been paid. In God's Name, let us have peace, and as soon as possible: but it must be a peace that will endure, not a mere lull while the nations re-arm and reorganize. Even now, in spite of all misunderstandings and bitterness, the spirit of sincerity and good-will could be brought into effective action; the different countries could recognize that their policies have been conducted upon false principles and that for the future fundamental changes must be made, including the rigid restriction of armaments and the cessation of international animosities. If this cannot be done, now or at another time not long distant, the destiny of Europe will be dark indeed, with every nation recruiting its resources, ready to fight for its material advantage and imperialistic expansion. A premature peace, merely preparing the way for future conflicts, would be as criminal as war itself. A permanent peace, based on the new comprehension of peoples and not upon the bargainings of diplomatists, can and must be won.

Angels on the Battlefield

IT is not strange that at such a time as this extraordinary stories should be circulated, but it is passing strange that some of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rumors that have been floating round recently should have been taken seriously by very serious men. An English contemporary draws attention to a sermon preached by Dr. Horton, the distinguished ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union. Dr. Horton referred to several instances of alleged miraculous intervention in favor of men apparently doomed to suffer the final perils of the War. He spoke especially of the legend that has attached itself to the retreat from Mons. "There is a story repeated by so many witnesses that if anything can be established by contemporary evidence this is established—of the retreat from Mons. A section of the line was in imminent peril and it seemed as if it must inevitably be borne down and cut off. Our men saw a company of angels interposed between them and the German cavalry, and the horses of the Germans stampeded. Evidently the animals beheld what our men beheld. The German soldiers endeavored to bring the horses back to the line, but they fled. It was the salvation of our men."

There is no clear limit to the possibilities of the human imagination, especially when the mental faculties are excited by fatigue, hunger, thirst and the weakness from wounds. The mind in such circumstances is never far removed from hallucination or even delirium. But the stories which Dr. Horton seems to credit throw a good deal of light on the legends of ancient miracles—and some modern ones. If angels and archangels are taking an active part in the war, the occurrence is sufficiently interesting to be verified upon oath by witnesses who can satisfy the rigid tests of cross-examination.

Large numbers of people have been willing to believe in the interposition, not merely of a vague Providence, but of a definite, personal Saviour, clearly seen and recognized. They admit that mistakes may be made, but they are hurt by the suggestion that the stories are necessarily distortions of natural incidents. When the world is in travail and tribulation, when men are keyed up and rendered hypersensitive to psychic impressions, it may well be, they think, that the Divine should make itself manifest to those who have eyes through which they have learnt to see.

The chief error is in the limitation of the word "natural," in the supposition that miracles are supernatural or impossible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A miracle is merely a happening which strikes us as superhuman when we are unfamiliar with it, but which we scarcely notice and rarely recognize when it occurs perpetually. There are more things than monotony in heaven and earth, and life is not bounded by four walls of convention.

Muenter-Holt

CIVILIZATION, as expressed in terms of dynamite, has placed enormous powers at the disposal of the insane or unbalanced. A Muenter or Holt, in primitive times and with primitive weapons almost impotent, has now, if he uses a little cunning, the destructive force of a multitude. He has no difficulty in obtaining all the dynamite that he craves, and exceptional precautions are needed to prevent the outrages that appeal to him as regenerative.

It is clear that some effective check should be placed upon the sale of explosives and weapons to individuals, as upon the sale of poisons and drugs. A brooding Muenter may find means to evade all restrictions; but, at least, he need not be given every facility to carry out the promptings of his diseased mind.

Some curiosity will naturally be felt as to the conditions under which Holt or Muenter was received at Cornell. Did he present forged credentials? Was any adequate investigation made with regard to his record and suitability? Or are some of our universities more concerned with rejecting men who have proved their value than with examining the qualifications of the untested?

Sing Sing

IT is evident that Mr. Osborne, the Warden of Sing Sing, and Mr. Riley, the State Superintendent of Prisons, do not agree completely in their views with regard to the treatment of prisoners. Mr. Riley may have behaved with reasonable consideration, officially; but he has succeeded in making the public believe that he disapproves of Mr. Osborne's methods or has some political or private quarrel with him.

It is necessary sometimes to be emphatic. Compared with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Osborne, Mr. Riley has infinitesimal importance—except officially and, possibly, officiously. Mr. Osborne has been willing to face the misunderstanding of the ignorant minority of the public and the press; he has been attacked as a "reformer"—most horrible of all words to those who read, see and know nothing, but merely, as automata, repeat the practices of their grandmothers. Anyone who ventures to advance beyond the grandmotherly apron is necessarily a suspicious character, to those who still shelter themselves behind that capacious refuge of ignorance. Mr. Osborne has advanced so far that he is an ultra-suspicious character. He is even supposed to have common sense —which is damnable.

Society deliberately manufactures most of its criminals. It must learn to deal with them justly, and to return them to the world, after their release from confinement, as men with hope, not as hopeless beasts. Mr. Osborne has not been trying doubtful experiments: he has been putting into practice approved principles of penology. If he had been accorded the widest discretion and had been secured from all interference for a definite period, he would probably have shown that he knew his business far better than those whose business it is to know little or nothing. Methods of regeneration are better than methods of further degeneration; and if Mr. Osborne's régime has been marked by one or two mishaps, previous régimes have shown many times the number, without any compensating advantages. If the community should lose Mr. Osborne's services, one more absurdity would be added to the large number now standing to New York State's discredit.

The Papacy

THE attitude of the Pope with regard to the War has not been inspiring. The difficulties of his position are obvious: so are the opportunities of which he has not yet availed himself. It would be wrong to try to utter a final judgment, while so many perplexities remain to be solved. But an influence that extends through all countries, an influence based upon moral and not upon material considerations, could and should have been ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erted far more definitely. Clearly indicated as an arbiter who could have found means, for example, to test the various reports on atrocities and utter a decisive "guilty" or "not proven," Pope Benedict has confined himself to weak statements and weak actions. It is possible that he has larger plans for the future, that he is trying to view the whole tragedy comprehensively and philosophically: but the agony of the past and present should have elicited stronger words and firmer deeds. Where the interference of America might have been called biassed and only to be sustained by force of arms, the intervention of the Papacy, in the spirit of Christ and the service of humanity, could scarcely have been resented or resisted. No one will credit the rumour that the Pope is considering the chances of a restoration of the temporal sovereignty, in the event of a Teutonic victory and the disruption of Italy. Is it too late to think of a spiritual sovereignty that is not fettered to dogma, but is based upon the vindication of right against might?

Commissioner Davis

MISS DAVIS is filling a difficult position under difficult conditions, and no one will wish to make her task harder. But some accusations have been published that cannot be dismissed curtly. An investigation should certainly be instituted—not least, for Miss Davis's own sake. If she is the victim of calumny or of the pressure of adverse circumstances, the fact should be established. If there is nothing radically wrong in her views, methods and results, the public is entitled to decisive information. The sooner the inquiry is commenced, the better.

More Hyphens

AN admirable idea has been given renewed prominence by some of the more enterprising champions of the sex that has so long been unfairly compelled to accept the reputation of weakness. The demand is made that fathers shall no longer enjoy a monopoly in supplying surnames for their children. The child is a joint product and should carry a double label to indicate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its origin. In the name of liberty and equality, why should the maternal cognomen be submerged? Women no longer surrender their rights (and privileges) to the life-companions whom they select. Why should they surrender their perfectly good names? The claim is just, and hyphens are convenient. When Miss Smith marries Mr. Jones, their children should obviously be Smith-Joneses or Jones-Smiths. And when Miss Smith-Jones in due course marries Mr. Brown-Robinson, it is still quite clear that the little Smith-Jones-Brown-Robinsons or Brown-Robinson-Jones-Smiths will be provided with names that will stand a good deal of wear and tear, and incidentally add charm to the directory and the telephone book. But when the eldest or the youngest or the intermediate Brown-Robinson-Jones-Smith reaches maturity and is united to Miss Cholmondeley-Marjoribanks-Crespigny-Farquhar, the blended names of the offspring will send thrills through any drawing-room and bring a moment's nervousness to the most accomplished announcer. Further generations need not here be passed in review: they may be left to their own exhilarating surplusage. But there is certainly a great deal in the idea—since merely six degrees of matrimony will achieve sixty-three hyphens, while eight would revel in two hundred and fifty-five. Some of these, unfortunately, will have to be thrown into the discard. To prevent a serious disaster to the feminist movement, a suggestion for securing simplicity may be given here: let the first and the last names be perpetuated. So the offspring of the Smith-Jones-Brown-Robinson marriage will be Smith-Robinsons, and similarly for all entanglements, the girls thus contributing forever an unquenchable Smith to the matrimonial alliance of names, while the boys would have a permanent Robinson to depend upon, whatever might be its temporary hyphenated companion.

Lest We Forget

Lest We Forget, the latest war anthology, edited by H. B. Elliott and with a Foreword by Baroness Orczy, has recently been published in England. It is, perhaps, altogether wrong to write about a book without having read it from cover to cover;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but several reviews, including that of the London *Athenæum*, have proved irresistible.

A conspicuous part in the volume is taken by *The Nation's David*, a panegyric of Belgium by Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman. The *Athenæum* refers to this as a "spirited piece of work," but is dubious with regard to the two lines:

> "Belgium, still smiling through your pain,
> Still in the hours of ruin free!"

Is this a presentment of facts? the *Athenæum* asks. The future will supply the final answer: but the past has done enough to justify Mr. Kauffman's thought, if not his verse.

Mr. Douglas S. Spens Stuart's contribution contains this stanza:

> "By pacifist diplomacy deceived,
> Berchtold, too late, all fearful did implore
> In language which, his subtle mind conceived,
> Would balm of Gilead prove to Russia's sore;
> And cried: 'Austria has not banged the door
> On peace!' Had, hence, some wireless whisper sped
> In widening circles?—as though, from our shore,
> A hurtling missive to the ocean fled,
> Wave after wave sends forth, whose powers survive
> when they are dead!"

The only thing, except unmitigated disgust, that will attract attention to this is the addition of a foot to the concluding alexandrine.

The anthology opens with an ode on the war by Mr. Laurence Binyon, which contains, according to *the Athenæum*, "powerful descriptive passages," and "here and there rises to a great occasion, as in its fourth and sixth divisions":

> "All the hells are awake: the old serpents hiss
> From dungeons of the mind;
> Fury of hate born blind,
> Madness and lust, despairs and treacheries unclean;
> The shudder up from man's most dark abyss.
> But there are heavens serene

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That answer strength with strength; they stand secure;
They arm us from within, and we endure.
Now are the brave more brave,
Now is the cause more dear,
The more the tempests of the darkness rave,
As, when the sun goes down, the shining stars are clear.
Radiant the spirit rushes to the grave.
Glorious it is to live
In such an hour, but life is lovelier yet to give.

* * *

"Now will we speak, while we have eyes for tears
And fibres to be wrung
And in our mouths a tongue.
We will bear wrongs untold, but will not only bear;
Not only bear, but build through striving years
The answer of our prayer,
That whosoever has the noble name
Of man shall not be yoked to alien shame;
That life shall be indeed
Life, not permitted breath . . ."

The Athenæum admits that "the general effect of this ode is disappointing." Shades of the Muses! Is that all? Surely the ancients failed us when they omitted to invent a god of platitudes!

The Athenæum reviewer, turning over the pages of the anthology, pauses with pleasure upon Mr. Hewlett's *Soldier, Soldier.* But he considers that Mr. William Watson is not at his best in *Men Who Man.* "It is little more than a vigorous piece of work, and some of the double rhymes are unworthy of such a fine craftsman." Here is a fair specimen:

"Our cheery sailors, lapt in
The maiden sea's light sleep,
From commodore and captain
To all who man the deep,
They hear around their bed naught
But echoes of their fame,
And well they man the dreadnought
Who dread not aught but shame."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is worthy of the author of the "Bit Them in the Bight" effusion, but it is a long, long way from *The Father of the Forest* and other creations of William Watson when he was a poet.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is responsible for this, amongst other characteristic verses:

> "You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
> Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
> Who shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
> Find nevermore the death-door of Sedan."

Poetry, or jingle? No reward is offered for the correct answer.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton contributes a poem which *The Athenæum* considers to be disfigured by the line:

> "And her own soul profaned by sects that squirm."

Disfigured? Damned!

The whole volume seems to consist mainly of rubbish. Even Mr. Eden Phillpotts contributes more than once; and it is really impossible to refrain from quoting four lines from *Reason and Honour*, as a terrible warning to our school children.

> "Virtue and vice are names, not qualities,
> And when the baffled cry that might is right,
> No smug opinion from the unconscious skies
> For doubtful virtue's sake shall hold them to their plight."

No comment that would pass Anthony Comstock's scrutiny can be made upon such a crime.

Vaccination

So much has been achieved by medical science on the battlefields of Europe that no one will wish to throw the slightest aspersion on a profession that has acquitted itself so nobly. But there is a great difference between idle attacks and a sincere desire for information. The whole question of vaccination against smallpox is certainly debatable, not only by laymen, but by those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who have, or should have, technical knowledge and wide experience. It is somewhat difficult for the medically-untrained mind to realize how inoculation with cowpox, which has apparently no connection whatever with smallpox, can give protection against the latter disease. The principle of inoculation against typhoid fever would seem to rest upon a much sounder basis: for in this case immunity from attack is supposed to be secured by the use of dead, but not wholly innocuous, germs of the disease to be guarded against. But smallpox is on an entirely different footing. It is quite possible that Jenner was right and that society owes him a deep debt of gratitude. But it is also possible that he was entirely wrong, and that society owes him nothing but the recognition of his mistake. It is a far cry from the days when it was assumed that everyone was bound sooner or later to have smallpox, so that individuals took advantage of any mild epidemic to court contagion and get their presumably inevitable trouble over at a probably light cost. With the development of hygienic knowledge, and, it must be said, after the advent of vaccination, immunity was considered no longer improbable and there was a very definite change in the general attitude toward the disease: it became fashionable to avoid, and not to seek, contagion. To what extent this new feeling has contributed to the gradual elimination of smallpox is not yet decided: the adherents of vaccination claim that the improvement is due mainly to their preventive, while those who depend only upon hygienic methods and rational conduct sometimes hold other views. It would be of great service to the community if some authorized statement by the medical profession as a whole could be issued, dealing with the general question of the results of vaccination, in the light of long observation and experience. Especially, the period of immunity or supposed immunity after vaccination should be seriously discussed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED